# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

*"He had scrambled into the field and fetched it for her."*

# COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

### HAROLD QUARITCH MEDITATES.

THERE are some things and faces which, when felt or seen for the first time, project themselves upon the mind like a sun image on a sensitive plate, and there remain unalterably fixed. To take the case of a face: we may never see it again, or it may become the companion of our life, but there the picture is, just as we *first* knew it—the same smile, the same look, unaltering and unalterable, reminding us in the midst of change of the absolutely indestructible nature of every experience, act, and aspect of our life. For that which has been is, since the past knows no change and no corruption, but lives eternally in its frozen and completed self.

These are somewhat large words to be born of small matter, but they rose up spontaneously in the mind of a soldierly-looking man who was leaning, on the particular evening when this history opens, over a gate in an Eastern country lane, staring vacantly at a ripe field of corn.

He was a peculiar and rather battered looking individual, apparently over forty years of age, and yet bearing upon him that unmistakable stamp of dignity and self-respect which, if it does not exclusively belong to, is yet one of the distinguishing attributes of, the English gentleman. In face he was ugly—no other word can express it. Here were not the long mustachios, the almond eyes, the aristocratic air, of the Colonel of fiction—for our dreamer was a Colonel. These were—alas, that the truth shoud be so plain!—represented by rather scrubby, sandy-colored whiskers, small but rather kindly blue eyes, a low broad forehead, with a deep line running across it from side to side, something like that to be seen upon the bust of Julius Cæsar, and a long thin nose. One good feature, however, he did possess, a mouth of such sweetness and beauty that, set as it was above a very square and manly-looking chin, it had the air of being ludicrously out of place. "Umph!" said his old aunt, Mrs. Massey (who had just died and left him what she

(*Continued on page 494.*)

"A family where HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is read will be brighter, happier, and better for its weekly visits."—*Boston Journal.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

*Number 453 of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *published Tuesday, July 3d, is a Fourth of July number, and contains stories, poems, spirited drawings, and humorous pictures peculiarly adapted to this season.*

*Its leading feature is a thrilling tale of the war, entitled "Adair's Fourth." It is written by* CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A., *and is finely illustrated with a full-page drawing by* GILBERT GAUL.

*Another timely story is one by* S. G. W. BENJAMIN, *descriptive of one of the most remarkable sea fights of the war of 1812. A boat attack upon the privateer "General Armstrong" forms the subject of a suggestive front-page illustration to this story.*

*In the second of his chats on "Safe Sail-Boats for Boys," the Commodore of the New York Canoe Club describes four distinct types of small boats that he considers safe, and explains why they are so.*

*In an illustrated poem, entitled "The Tale of Stavoren,"* HELEN S. CONANT *brings to light a very old and most interesting Dutch legend.*

*The above-mentioned articles comprise only one-half the contents of this most seasonable number of the leading juvenile periodical published in this country.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1888.

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*An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A LETTER FROM SECRETARY FAIRCHILD.

THE Secretary of the Treasury, in a letter addressed to the President of the New York Civil Service Reform Association, and published elsewhere in this paper, alleges that the association has done him great injustice and the cause of reform great injury by bringing charges against him before the HALE committee. This misapprehension of the Secretary is due to the fact which he states, that he has not seen the testimony. Had he done so, he would have found at the very opening of the proceedings this statement:

"JOHN B. PINE, Esq., representing the New York Civil Service Reform Association, stated that the association did not appear in these proceedings as prosecutor or complainant; that it had made no charges of violations of the civil service law, but that the wide-spread belief that the law had been disregarded by Custom-house officials at the port of New York had led the association to make inquiries for the purpose of ascertaining the truth or falsity of this impression; that the association had endeavored to ascertain the actual facts of the case without regard to parties or individuals; that witnesses were present who were prepared to testify from their own knowledge and experience as to the operations of the civil service law in the Custom-house."

We add a statement by the *Evening Post*, which will also tend to show the Secretary's misapprehension of the facts:

"As a matter of fact the association has made no accusation against Mr. FAIRCHILD, and the charges which he seeks to refute can only have been inferred by him from the character of the testimony elicited by the Senate Committee, or from publications for which the association is not responsible. An examination of the testimony would also have shown the Secretary that he was mistaken in supposing that the sugar division possessed any peculiar or extraordinary interest for the association, other than that which the association had in any division or department where it is believed the civil service law has been violated. The testimony shows that the Surveyor's Department, the Weigher's Department, and the offensive partisanship of Deputy-Collector DAVIS and others in the matter of the Binghamton Post-office received no less attention from the investigating committee than the Appraiser's Department. Of the 50 witnesses who were examined, but 13 were questioned as to the Appraiser's Department, and of the 288 printed pages of testimony, only 92 relate to that department."

The Secretary is evidently persuaded that there have been great sugar frauds, with which he associates certain persons, and, in the endeavor to ascertain the truth, he says that he has made the removals which have attracted attention. The sole basis of the Secretary's belief in the frauds appears to be that the average rate of duty on sugar has been lower in New York than in Boston. But this discrepancy has been fully explained by the report of the National Academy of Sciences, disclosing an error on the part of the Boston chemist, and by the large amount of low grade sugar imported at New York and not imported at Boston. There is in this, however, no apparent reason for the removal, under most prejudicial circumstances, of an officer of the character and standing of the New York chemist, and all newspaper comments were made upon the facts as shown by the testimony. Other facts the Secretary does not mention in his letter, nor any of the grounds upon which he holds that the name of the Reform Association has been invoked to protect private and personal interests, except his suspicions that there have been frauds. He alludes, indeed, to "foregoing facts." But among them is a statement in regard to the complicity of two sugar experts, which, however, as we learn, is wholly incorrect. This shows the inaccuracy of some of the Secretary's information, and perhaps a predisposition to accept any allegation which tends to confirm a strong suspicion honestly entertained. Again, in regard to the removal of MCELWEE, the Secretary makes by implication a very serious charge against the Appraiser, which, so far as we can see, is wholly unreasonable. MCELWEE was removed by the Appraiser, upon the representation of the Assistant Appraiser, for drunkenness and insubordination. The Secretary states that he believes the removal to have been in effect an act of vengeance because MCELWEE had testified at the BYRNE investigation. His reason for this belief is that he was not removed when the offence was charged. But the Appraiser says that he did not remove him then because he knew that the investigation was to take place, and if he removed him it would have seemed to show a desire to dispose of him before it began. His explanation is natural and simple, and it is made more probable not only by the unsullied character of the Appraiser, but because neither he nor the Assistant Appraiser knew what MCELWEE'S testimony had been. The investigation was conducted with absolute secrecy. The Secretary says truly that the interference of a member of Congress ought not to have deterred him from doing what he thought to be his duty. Certainly not. But he does not state why the restoration of a man who came to his duty in the morning too drunk to perform it was necessary to the proper administration of the Appraiser's office. Nor does he seem to be aware that in saying that he believes the recommendation of removal of MCELWEE to have been made not for drunkenness, but because he had testified, he implies some improper reason upon the Appraiser's part for wishing to punish him for giving testimony.

The Secretary's letter seems to us to have been written prematurely, without knowledge of the testimony, and with complete misunderstanding of the position of the Reform Association. No one who knows him will doubt for a moment his upright purpose, his resolution to do his duty, and his sincere desire practically to advance reform. His natural annoyance with what may have seemed to him, although without reason, the mistaken zeal of his associates and friends, probably explains the sharp and almost bitter sarcasm of certain passages of his letter. But a Secretary of the Treasury is obviously much more exposed to the tricks and wiles of interested deceivers than a body like the Reform Association. The illicit purposes of others are skilfully represented to him as efforts for purer administration, and every circumstance is readily distorted to that end. With a public officer of the highest character and of unquestionable ability and patriotic purpose the Reform Association can have no difference. Had the Secretary seen the testimony, had he clearly comprehended the position of the association, and thoroughly sifted the suspicions of sugar frauds in the Appraiser's Department, his letter, perhaps, would not have been written.

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE TARIFF.

THE Republican declaration of a high and increasing tariff tax recalls the fact that now for the first time high protection is made the Republican shibboleth. The party sprang from the absorbing issue of slavery, and its purpose was to withstand the extension of slavery into the Territories. The platform of 1856 was devoted to this question. The platform of 1860, upon which the party came into power, was also primarily and chiefly devoted to the various aspects of the question of slavery, the Union, the rights of the States, etc., and was composed of seventeen sections. The first section said:

"That while providing revenue for the support of the general government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interest of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the workingman liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence."

In 1864 the platform was a war platform, and said of the finances that the public faith must be kept inviolate, and that for this purpose "we recommend economy and rigid responsibility in the public expenditures, and a vigorous and just system of taxation." In 1868 the platform declared that "it is due to the labor of the nation that taxation should be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit," and also "the government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy." From 1856 to 1872 the Republican platforms were silent upon what is now declared to be the supreme policy of the party. In 1872 the platform said:

"The annual revenue, after paying current expenditures, pensions, and the interest on the public debt, should furnish a moderate balance for the reduction of the principal, and that revenue, except so much as may be derived from a tax upon tobacco and liquors, should be raised by duties upon importations, the details of which should be so adjusted as to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor, and promote the industries, prosperity, and growth of the whole country."

But whatever the declarations of the platforms, the general Republican doctrine was by no means that of extreme protection. GARFIELD said: "I am for a protection which leads to ultimate free-trade. I am for that free-trade which can only be achieved through a reasonable protection." Again GARFIELD said:

"The signs are unmistakable that a strong reaction is setting in against the prevailing [tariff] rates, and he is not a wise legislator who shuts his eyes to the facts of the situation....He is not a faithful representative who merely votes for the highest rate proposed in order to show on the record that he voted for the highest figure, and therefore is a sound protectionist. He is the wisest man who sees the tides and currents of public opinion, and uses his best efforts to protect the industry of the people against sudden collapses and sudden changes. Now if I do not misunderstand the signs of the times, unless we do this ourselves, prudently and wisely, we shall before long be compelled to submit to a violent reduction, made rudely and without discrimination, which will shock, if not shatter, all our protected industries."

In his message of 1884 President ARTHUR said:

"In my annual message of 1882 I recommend the abolition of all excise taxes except those relating to distilled spirits. This recommendation is now renewed. In case these taxes shall be abolished, the revenue that will remain to the government will, in my opinion, not only suffice to meet its reasonable expenditures, but will afford a surplus large enough to permit such tariff reduction as may seem to be advisable when the results of recent revenue laws and commercial treaties shall have shown in what quarters these reductions can be most judiciously effected."

President ARTHUR had three Secretaries of the Treasury—Mr. FOLGER, Mr. GRESHAM, and Mr. MCCULLOCH. They were all strict Republicans and revenue reformers. In his annual report for 1883, Mr. FOLGER said:

"The existing duties upon raw materials which are to be used in manufacture should be removed. This can be done in the interest of our foreign trade."

The modifications of the tariff recommended by the tariff commission of 1883 President ARTHUR thought to be inadequate, and in calling attention to the fact that "our system of tax and tariff legislation is yielding a revenue which is in excess of the present needs of the government," he stated two reasons in favor of lightening the tax:

"That the revenue may be reduced so as no longer to tax the people; that protective duties may be retained without becoming burdensome."

All this was sound Republicanism under the last Republican administration, but it is substantially in accord with President CLEVELAND'S message. If that means free-trade, this Republican President and his Republican Secretaries were substantially free-traders. The original Republican doctrine of 1868 is that of the President's message. "It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation should be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit." The statement of the Chicago *Tribune*, when the message appeared, has not been yet successfully challenged:

"The message is simply the tariff reduction plank of the Republican party adopted in 1884 expanded. It is nothing more or less than a textual sermon on that passage of the resolution which promises to reduce the surplus by correcting the inequalities of the tariff."

The Chicago *Tribune*, upon the adoption of the free whiskey and tobacco platform of this year, said at once:

"The Committee on Resolutions ought to report an amendment striking out the plank in favor of free whiskey and declaring instead that the tax on liquor and tobacco shall be retained to meet the increasing expenditures for pensions and for the defrayment of service pensions. Correction can be made and adopted by the Convention in a few minutes. If the frightful blunder into which the Convention was misled is not corrected, it will cost the Republican party tens and possibly hundreds of thousands of votes."

And again it says:

"Can the party leaders venture to go before the people with such a platform and hope that the fearful blunder committed by the framers of the platform will be overlooked or excused? Certainly the Democrats will not ignore it. If the blunder in the platform is not corrected before adjournment, every Democratic procession this fall will carry banners stigmatizing the Republican party as a free-whiskey organization, committed to the doctrine of cheap rum and dear sugar."

Mr. MCCULLOCH, Secretary of the Treasury under two Republican administrations, is an old HENRY CLAY Whig, and understands Mr. CLAY'S American doctrine as well as any living man. But Mr. MCCULLOCH commended the President's recommendations as judicious. Had they been free-trade propositions Mr. MCCULLOCH could not have approved them. They are not made such by the declaration of the Chicago platform, nor will they become such because of the perfervid rhetoric of the campaign.

## A VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

THE friends of civil service reform are invited to support the Chicago candidate because of the reiteration in the platform of the reform declaration of 1884. This was preceded, as we mentioned last week, by a childish fling at the independent voters, which was an illustration of the amusing apprehension of the Republican leaders that they might be suspected of obeying the mugwump dictation. Mugwumps are generally friends of this reform. A simple declaration for it might be regarded as a bid for that detested vote. Consequently, since it would be wiser to say something, it must be accompanied with a grimace, as it were, at the mugwump friends of reform. This is the dignified way in which the declaration of 1884 was repeated in 1888. But if the party were in favor of reform, and had desired to win the

support of reformers, it would hardly have repelled their votes. These votes, however, will not be determined by any act of petulance, but, as we have constantly said, by an estimate of the greater general advantage offered by the support of either nomination. Upon the subject of reform the Republican Convention quotes its declaration of 1884, and declares that it will be true to its pledges, although the President and the mugwumps have been false. Now the first thing that the Republican Convention of 1884 did was to prove its profound interest in reform by following its declaration upon the subject by the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. He was the platform of 1884, as the *Tribune* truly declares him to be the platform of 1888. Just so far as Mr. BLAINE is a civil service reformer, so were the managers of the Convention of 1884 and of 1888. What they mean by the platform is shown by Mr. BLAINE.

The nomination of General HARRISON was made without the slightest knowledge of his views upon reform or care for them. The subject was mentioned in the speeches of the Convention not to show that the party is a reform party, but that Mr. CLEVELAND is not a reformer. Certainly General HARRISON was not presented as one. Governor PORTER, in nominating him, praised "his complete exposure of the civil service reform sham in Indiana under the present administration," but that was all, except to refer to President HARRISON'S circular forbidding office-holding political activity, which, however, was as contemptuously disregarded as President CLEVELAND'S. This was the tone of the Convention upon the subject of reform. Were there any signs of interest in it? There were plenty of speeches, abundant adulation of protection, denunciation of Copperheads and the rebellion, and of the President's broken pledges and sham Democratic reform. But was there anything said or done which showed that in any sense whatever the Republican party is earnestly and honestly devoted to civil service reform? Is there any reason to suppose, from past experience, from the views and character of the chief Republican leaders, or from the spirit which now plainly dominates the Republican party, that, if successful in the election, its administration would not do precisely what it charges the President with doing? Indeed, one of the strongest arguments against the yielding of President CLEVELAND to the spoils pressure has been that it would furnish a pretext to a Republican successor, should there be one, to turn out Democrats as a measure of reform.

If any voter sincerely believes that Republican politicians would press the Republican President less than the Democrats have pressed President CLEVELAND, or that if so pressed he would resist, and retain Democrats in place more generally than the President has retained Republicans, and if such a voter means to be governed in voting by that issue alone, unquestionably he ought to vote for the Republican candidate. But the indisputable fact that the Democratic party is not a civil service reform party does not make the Republican a reform party. We have constantly insisted upon the fact that neither party as such can be so called, and therefore that the vote of friends of reform must be determined by a general survey of the situation. While we have pointed out plainly and strongly censured the failure of the President to justify the anticipations of the advance of reform under his administration, we have attributed it largely to his inability to comprehend the force of the pressure—which was equally true of General GRANT—and not to a hypocritical pretence to gain votes and a treacherous abandonment when they were gained. While, therefore, we offer no excuse for the general partisan change in the minor service which has been made, we see no reason to suppose that a Republican President would do better, while for other reasons the adoption of the Chicago platform as the policy of the government we should regard as a serious public misfortune.

## EX-MAYOR LOW.

THERE is no better Republican nor any better type of Republican than ex-Mayor LOW, of Brooklyn. He is a man of great intelligence and sound judgment, and by common consent he was as good a chief officer as the city ever had. Last year he was the chairman of the Republican State Convention, and his speech showed the old Republican spirit and principle, which are very different from the new. In his speech Mr. LOW mentioned the necessity of providing against the surplus, and looked to the Republican party to find some practical scheme of "reducing the revenue of the nation to the measure of its necessities, and this consistently with a wise protection where protection may be needed." In a speech in Brooklyn at the LINCOLN dinner last February he stated the situation calmly and admirably, finding the tendency of the Republican party in national matters, such as the tariff and the Southern vote, to be reactionary and traditional, and in an interview in the Albany *Evening Journal* he stated what practical course it seemed to him might be wisely taken by the party. A great many Republicans doubtless waited to see if any response would be offered to such counsels; but they heard nothing but contemptuous flings.

Mr. LOW has now stated that he disagrees so completely with his party friends upon the tariff question that he cannot support its national candidates, and, like every self-respecting man, he proposes to be true to his convictions, hoping that his separation from his party may be brief. The force of his convictions is shown by his course, because not only has he been a Republican by sympathy and tradition, who might reasonably have anticipated great political preferment had the party retained its original character, but he lives in Brooklyn, where the Democratic municipal ascendency is of a kind to repel the support of those who desire honest, intelligent, and decent politics. We do not forget Mayor CHAPIN, but we remember, as every good Brooklyn citizen remembers, the MCLAUGHLIN ring. But when a man's party proudly proclaims in a national campaign a policy which he believes to be unwise and injurious to the public interest, he cannot, under the pretext of the greater wisdom of the party and the folly of opposing to it his individual view, refuse to follow his own convictions. The question of the wisdom and benefit to the country of a constantly more stringent war tariff is not one which three or four hundred excited delegates in a Convention, obeying a few leaders who have other ends in view than a wise policy of taxation, can decide for intelligent men who are capable of forming an opinion upon the subject.

This question Mr. LOW having decided for himself with unquestionable sincerity, and with unfeigned regret that a sense of duty separates him in this campaign from his party—which was precisely the sentiment which led to the organization of the Republican party—he is greeted by the chief Republican organ with a volley of blackguardism. He is called a Sunday-school politician; his contribution to the party treasury in 1884 is stigmatized as meagre; the Committee on Resolutions is said not to have paid sufficient attention to his tariff speeches; his open hostility this year, he is told, will be less mischievous than his treacherous silence and carefully concealed support in '84; he is taunted with super-sensitive conscientiousness, and dismissed with the sneer that his aspirations ought not hereafter to lead him outside of a Sunday-school. This is the usual treatment of a man who honestly obeys his conscience in politics. He is dismissed as a traitor, a BENEDICT ARNOLD, a Judas Iscariot. His motives are described as mean, personal, and malignant; he has always been a holier-than-thou Pharisee, and the grand old party is well rid of him. There was a time when the Republican party was proud of being called contemptuously the party of great moral ideas, a time when a Republican was not ashamed to avow that he carried his conscience and convictions into politics, and when it held the Sunday-school to offer the best training for the American citizen. Nothing shows more plainly the radical change which has overtaken the party than the sneers with which a simple statement of honest motives on the part of a dissenting Republican is received. Mr. LOW represents, of course, a large body of intelligent Republicans, whose respect and confidence he will command more than ever. They may not be called upon, like him, to say what they think, but they will unquestionably vote what they think.

## SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

THE death of Mr. GAY removes one of the few survivors of the central band of old Garrisonian abolitionists, and from his friends a most charming companion and a most interesting man. He was a young man recently graduated from Harvard College when the great antislavery movement began, and with his friends EDMUND QUINCY and WENDELL PHILLIPS he brought to the cause all the instincts of a gentleman, the cultivation of the student, the zeal of profound conviction, and great abilities as a writer and speaker. His conversation in later years was enriched with the most vivid recollections of the incidents of the agitation, during which in many parts of the country every active and aggressive antislavery advocate took his life in his hands. Mr. GAY'S tribute to the social antislavery circle of which he was a conspicuous figure is like KINGSLEY'S delightful picture of the Puritan gentleman and lady: "They were the most charming circle of cultivated men and women whom it has ever been my lot to know."

From 1844 to 1857 he was the editor of the ***Antislavery Standard*** in New York, to which he gave a fine literary tone, and which was illuminated by the genial wit of EDMUND QUINCY'S letters. From 1857 until 1866 he was editorially engaged upon the *Tribune*, and for the last four years of the time he was managing editor. He held the same position upon the Chicago *Tribune* from 1867 to 1871, when, after the great fire in that city, he returned to New York, and was associated with Messrs. BRYANT and GODWIN on the *Evening Post*. In 1874 Mr. GAY began writing the BRYANT and GAY *History of the United States*. This history, with the exception of the preface to the first volume and of certain chapters, the authorship of which was duly acknowledged, was entirely the work of Mr. GAY. He wrote subsequently a life of JAMES MADISON in the "Series of American Statesmen," and he was preparing to write a life of EDMUND QUINCY, which would have been such an interior view of the original Boston antislavery circle as will now probably never be written. But he became seriously ill about three years since, and never resumed his literary activities.

His life was busy and retired, and although no man was more socially welcome or more delightful, he was seldom seen in general society. He was essentially a humorist in the old English phrase, and his sense of comedy, his tenacious memory, his quick perception, his strong convictions, his modesty, refinement, and intrinsic geniality, made him the pleasantest of friends. He was of Puritan descent, on the maternal side from the OTISES, and his grandfather was for seventy years minister of Hingham, in the quaint old church which is, we believe, the oldest church building in the United States. Mr. GAY was the child of good traditions, of spotless and upright life, and in full sympathy with every humane and generous endeavor. He was greatly beloved by a large circle whose love is good fame, and his memory will be most tenderly cherished.

## MR. MORTON FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE nomination of Mr. MORTON as Vice-President was generally anticipated, and, like that of General HARRISON, was received without enthusiasm. Mr. MORTON is a prominent and wealthy banker, of high character, with a strong taste for politics and public life. He has been a member of Congress and Minister to France, and twice a candidate for the Senatorship of the United States from New York. He was defeated in the first trial by Mr. EVARTS, and in the second by Mr. HISCOCK. He is a gentleman of pleasant address and of great generosity, and his assistance in raising funds in previous campaigns has been of great practical service to his party.

Mr. MORTON'S nomination, upon the earnest appeal of ex-Senator WARNER MILLER, removes a rival from Mr. MILLER'S path if he should seek the nomination for the Governorship this year in New York. His name is the one most frequently mentioned upon the Republican side. Mr. MORTON'S opponent for the nomination which he has received was Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, of New Jersey, for whose support there seemed to be a strong combination. But the unanimous desire of New York in a national Convention is very powerful, and an air of actual harmony in its delegation is the more impressive because it is unusual.

The Convention ended without enthusiasm, because compromises never arouse excitement. The baffled BLAINE intrigue, the sore disappointment of Mr. SHERMAN and his friends, the deep regret of Judge GRESHAM'S adherents, produced a sobriety of temper which refused to kindle into vivacious demonstrations. Yet the result is very much better than seemed probable, and in nothing more than that the BLAINE managers will be watched with much less favor by their fellow-Republicans than ever before.

## PERSONAL.

GENERAL BEN HARRISON says that he not only has never investigated his ancestry, but that indeed he never felt much interest in it. "I received nothing from my ancestors," he said to a caller the other day, "except an education. That was sufficient. My father died poor. I married young, and my wife and I took as our dwelling a little house of only three rooms. I remember we had six knives and six two-pronged forks, six plates, and a similarly slim equipment all around. My wife did her own work, and we have both said since we were never happier in our lives. My first fee as a lawyer, a five-dollar gold piece, I received at the door of that dwelling."

—Bishop O'SULLIVAN, of Alabama, one of the notable Catholic divines of the South, was at one time the sexton of a church in Jersey City.

—The Emperor of Brazil has been spending $80,000 a month for "living expenses" in Italy. With such opportunities to enjoy the visits of distinguished sojourners from abroad, it seems odd that so many sons of sunny Italy leave home.

—The Prince of Wales boasts seventeen brothers-in-law, sixteen uncles, fifty-seven cousins, and fifty-eight nephews and nieces.

—BRET HARTE is so much of a social lion on the other side of the ocean that he will not have the chance to dine alone before summer is over.

—At a sale of autographs in New York last week a letter of the Duke of Wellington sold for seventy cents, while a scrap in the handwriting of ARTEMUS WARD brought over ten times as much. Two letters written by GEORGE WASHINGTON sold at $13 each.

—BEETHOVEN'S bones have been exhumed at Vienna and reinterred with great pomp. A Yankee amateur photographer created a scene at the grave when the bones were dug up by insisting on "taking" the remnants of the great musician, regardless of pistols and interference.

—Sir JOHN MILLAIS says of modern sculpture that so fine is much of the work produced by our contemporaries that he verily believes that "were it dug up from under oyster shells in Rome or out of Athenian sands, with a stamp of partial dismemberment about it, all Europe would fall straightway into ecstasy, and give forth their plaintive wail, 'We can do nothing like that now.'"

—Homes for Confederate soldiers are multiplying in the South. At one dedicated at Baltimore last week, WADE HAMPTON, ZEBULON B. VANCE, and others delivered addresses on a platform where the portraits of JEFFERSON DAVIS, ROBERT E. LEE, and Stonewall JACKSON hung under the folds of the Stars and Stripes.

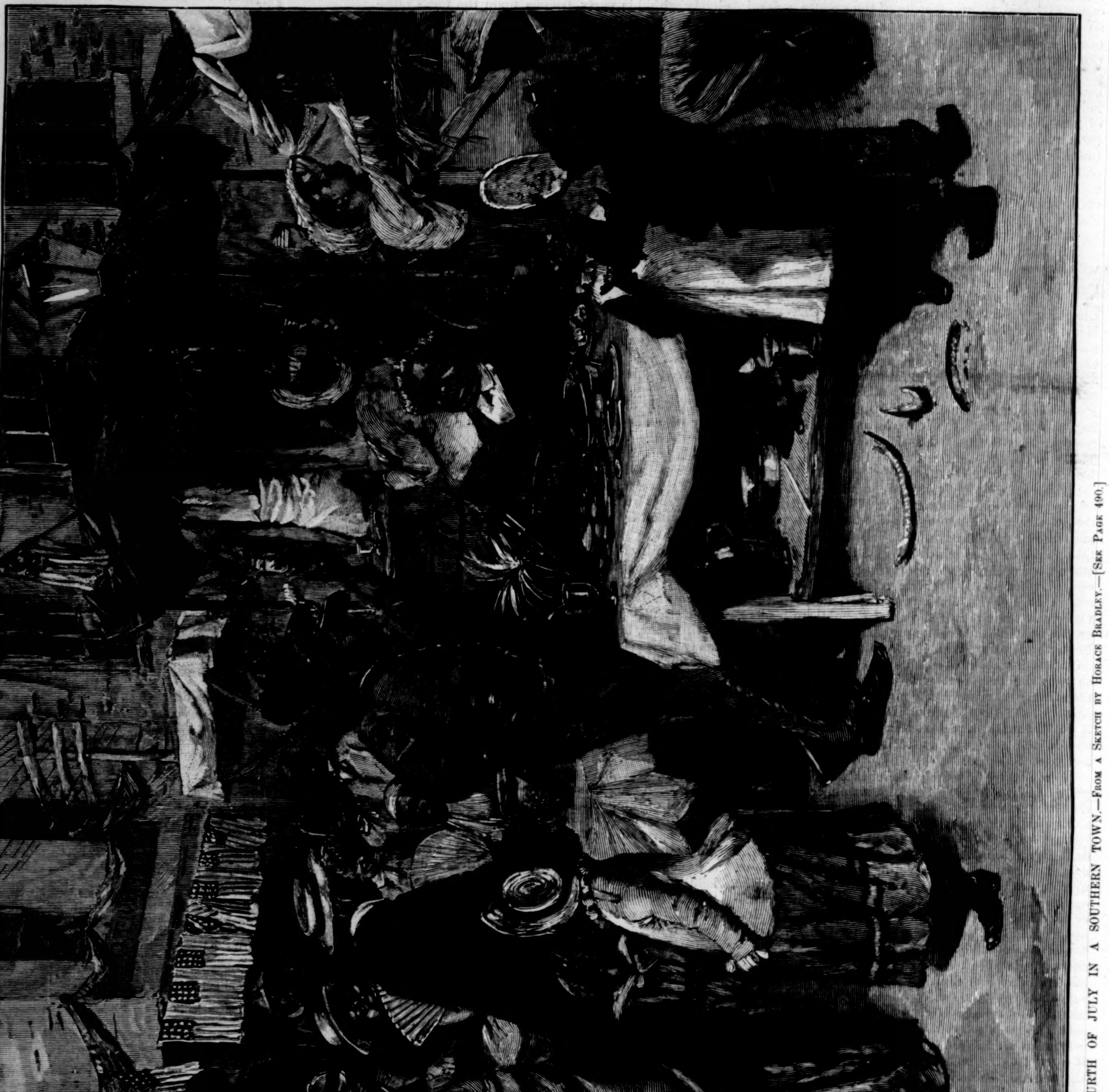
—The crooked Democratic politicians of Cincinnati had hoped that his nomination to the Vice-Presidency would remove Judge THURMAN from participation in the prosecution of the notorious tally-sheet forgeries. They are sorely disappointed; Judge THURMAN avers that he enlisted for the war, and interest in politics will not divert him from the duty he assumed months ago.

—It is probable that Mr. BLAINE will make New York his home next winter.

—So So is the name of the highest-priced brood-mare ever sold in this country. She belonged to the stable of the late Commodore KITSON, of St. Paul, and on the auction block she brought $8500.

—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is going to Europe, to stay till September. When he gets back, he says, he will make some campaign speeches for HARRISON and MORTON. Touching on his late experiences at Chicago, Mr. DEPEW says, "I rise to remark that the experience of this canvass has convinced me that the only business worth prosecuting in this country is that of railroading, and I intend to accept its political disabilities, and give it my individual and exclusive attention."

—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and his wife, *née* Miss JEROME, of New York, are expected to spend the month of August at Newport. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has not visited this country since his prominence in English politics, and Newport is preparing to give him a warm reception. Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL gave an entertainment at her London house recently for the purpose of presenting her former fellow-townswomen, Mrs. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT and Mrs. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, to the Prince of Wales.



THE FOURTH OF JULY IN A SOUTHERN TOWN.—From a Sketch by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 490.]

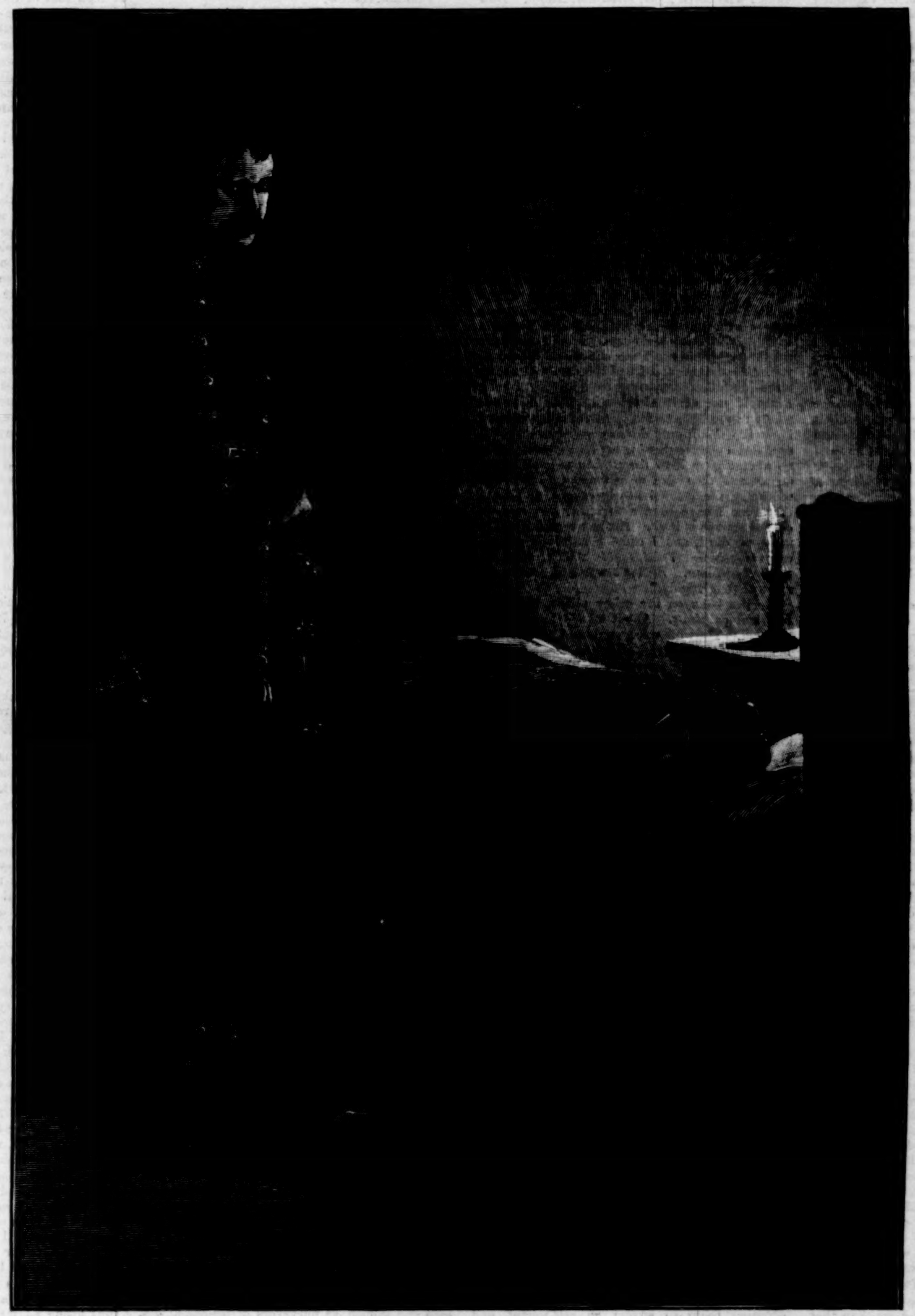
# A WAR-TIME WOOING.*

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

## CHAPTER XI.

COLD and gray in the mist of the morning the long columns have filed down from the heights, and are massed at the water's edge. It is chill December, and the frost has eaten deep into the ruddy soil of Virginia, but the Rappahannock flows swiftly along, uncrusted by the ice that fetters Northern streams, yet steaming in the biting air. Fog wreaths rise from the rippling surface, and all along the crowded shore the clouds hang dense and heavy. Nowhere can one see in any direction more than a dozen yards away; all beyond is wrapped in swirling, eddying fog-bank. Here in the thronging ranks, close at hand, men speak in low tones as they stamp upon the frozen ground or whip their mittened hands across the broad blue chests to restore circulation and drive the ache and numbness away. Here and there are some who have turned their light blue capes up over their heads, and take no part in the low-toned chat. Leaning on their muskets, they let their thoughts go wandering far away, for all men know that bloody work is coming. The engineers are hammering at their bulky pontoons now, and down at the water's edge the clumsy boats are moored, waiting for chess and balk carriers to be told off, and the crews to man the heavy sweeps. Up on the heights to the rear, planted thickly on every knoll and ridge, are the black-mouthed guns, and around them are grouped the squads of ghostly, grisly, fog-dripping cannoneers. One may walk along that line of heights for mile after mile and find there only grim ranges of batteries and waiting groups of men. All is silence; all is alertness; all is fog. Back of the lines of unlimbered cannon, sheltered as far as possible from returning fire, the drivers and horses and the heavy-laden caissons are shrouded in the mist-veil, and the staff-officers, groping to and fro, have to ask their way from battery to battery, or go yards beyond their real objective point. Little fires are burning here and there, and battery lanterns are flickering in the gloom. Out on the face of the stream, too, one can see from the northern shore weird, dancing lights, like will-o'-the-wisps, go twinkling through the fog; and far across the waters, from time to time, there is heard the sudden crack of rifles. The Southern pickets are beginning to catch faint glimpses of those lights, and are opening fire, for vigilant officers are there to interpret every sound and sight, and with the first break of the wintry dawn they grasp the meaning of the murmur that has come for hours from the upper shore. "The Yanks are laying bridges," is the word that goes from mouth to mouth, and long before the day is fairly opened the nearing sounds and the will-o'-the-wisp lights out there in the fog tell the shivering pickets that the foe is more than half-way across. Daybreak brings strong forces into line along the southern bank, all eyes straining through the fog. Out to the front the ping! ping! of the rifles has become rapid and incessant, and by broad daylight all the river-bank and the walls of the buildings that command a view of it are packed with gray riflemen ready for work the instant those bridge-heads loom into view. When seven o'clock comes, and the fog thins just a little, there are the bridge ends, sure enough, poking drearily into space, but the only signs of the builders are the motionless forms in blue that are stretched here and there about the boats or planks, only faintly visible through the mist; the working parties have been forced to give it up. Back they come, what is left of them, and tell their tale among the sympathizing blue overcoats in the wearying ranks, and officers ride away up the slopes, and there are moments of suspense and question, and then the thud of sponge staff and rammer among the batteries, and a sudden flash and roar, tearing the mists asunder; another, another; and then, up and down along the line of heights, the order goes, and gun after gun belches forth its charge of shot and shell, and back from the walls of Fredericksburg come the direful echo and the crash of falling roof or gable. "Depress those muzzles!" is the growling order. "The whole bank is alive with rebs, and we must shell 'em out before those bridges can be finished." The elevating screws are spun in their beds, the shell fuses cut down to the very edge. Some guns are so near the river that they are rammed with grape and canister; and so, for an hour, the thundering cannonade goes on, and the infantry crouch below, and swear and shiver, and once in a while set up a cheer when occasion seems to warrant it. And then, covered by this furious fog-bombardment, the engineers again push forward their bridge-builders, and cram their pontoons, and launch them forth upon the stream. It is all useless. No sooner do they reach the bridge end when down they go by the dozens before the hot fire of a thousand Southern rifles. So dense is the fog that the gunners cannot aim. Shot, shell, and canister go shrieking through roof and wall, and ripping up streets and crossings; but the plucky riflemen hug the shore in stern determination, and again the bridges are abandoned.

And so a cold and cheerless morning ebbs away, and at last, toward noon, there comes relief. The sun bursts through the clouds and licks up the fog-bank. The mist-veil is withdrawn, and there stands Fredericksburg, with shattered roof and spire, backed by a long line of gun-bristling heights, and there are the unfinished bridges jutting helplessly out two-thirds across the water. A number of the heavy pontoons are still moored close to shore, and while all along under the bank the regiments are ranging into battle order, two or three of them are tumbling into those clumsy arks, cramming them with armed men, and then pushing off into the stream. Failing in working across a narrow causeway, the "Yanks" are taking to their boats and sending over a flotilla. It is a daring, desperate feat, but it tells. Despite the fierce resistance, despite the heavy loss that befalls them, animated by the cheers of their comrades, they push ahead, answering the fire as well as they can, and at last, one after another, the boats are grounded on the southern shore, and, though sadly diminished in numbers, the men leap forth and go swarming up the bank, driving the gray pickets to cover. Others hurry across and reenforce them; then more and more, until they are strong enough to seize the nearest buildings and hold the approaches; and then the working parties leap forward, the bridge is finished with a will, and the comrades of their brigade come tramping cheerily across. Three splendid regiments are they which made that daring venture, mere companies in numbers as compared with their early strength, and one of them is the —th Massachusetts, now led by a captain. Colonel Putnam stands at his side at this moment of triumph and partial rest. He commands the brigade that has done this brilliant work, and now is receiving the thanks sent over from corps head-quarters; and the mounted officer, the first one across the bridge, who bears the general's congratulations, is his young chief of staff, Major Abbot.



"DRAWS FORTH HER PRECIOUS PICTURE AND LAYS IT AT A RIVAL'S FEET."

There has been fierce fighting through the streets, stubborn resistance on part of the occupants of the town, and determined effort on part of the thronging force of Union men who are constantly gaining accessions as the brigades come marching over. Just at sunset, with the town fully in their possession, there is sudden turmoil and excitement among the blue-coats gathered around an old brick building near the western edge. There is rushing to and fro; then savage exclamations, shouts of "Kill him!" "Hang him!" "Run him down to the creek and duck him!" and the brigade commander, with Major Abbot and one or two other mounted officers, has quite as much as he can do to rescue from the hands of an infuriated horde of soldiers a bruised, battered, slouching hulk of a man in a dingy Confederate uniform. He implores their protection, and it is only when they see the piteous, haggard, upturned face, and hear the wail of his voice, that Putnam and Abbot recognize the deserter Rix. Abbot is off his horse, and by his side in an instant. Sternly ordering back the men who had grappled and were dragging him, the major holds Rix by the coat collar and gazes at him in silent amaze.

"In God's name, how came you here, and in this garb?" he finally asks.

Weak with sickness, suffering, and the horrible fright he has undergone, the bully of former days simply shudders and cringes now. He crouches at Abbot's feet, gazing fearfully around him at the circle of vengeful, powder-blackened faces.

"Don't let them touch me, Mr. Abbot! Oh, for God's sake help me! I'm 'most dead, anyhow. I can't talk now. We're 'most starved too, and Mr. Hollins is dying."

"Hollins!" exclaims Abbot, almost losing his hold on the collar and dropping the limp creature to earth. "What do you mean?—where?"

"In there; in the bedroom upstairs. Oh, major, don't leave me here; these men will murder me!" he implores, clutching the skirts of Abbot's heavy overcoat; but Colonel Putnam signals, "Go on," and, leaving his abject prisoner, Abbot hastens up the stairs of the old brick house, and there, in a low-ceilinged room, stretched upon the bed, with wild, wandering eyes and fevered lips, with features drawn and ghastly, lies the man who has so bitterly sinned against him, and whom he has so often longed to meet eye to eye—but not this way.

And it is an awful look of recognition that greets him too. Shot through and through as he is, tortured with thirst and suffering, praying for help, and longing for the sight of some friendly face, it seems a retribution almost too cruel that, in his extreme hour, the man sent by Heaven to minister to his needs should be the one he has so foully wronged, the one of whom he lives in dread. He covers his eyes with a gesture of dismay, and turns fearfully to the wall. There is a moment of silence, broken only by the rattle of the window in its casing as it shudders to the distant boom of the guns far down the line. Then Abbot steps to the bedside and places his gauntleted hand upon the shoulder of the stricken man.

"Hollins! How are you wounded? Have you seen a surgeon?" No answer for a moment, and the question is gently repeated.

"Shot through the body—rifle-ball. There was a surgeon here last night, but he's gone."

"Lie still, then, until I get one. I would bring Dr. Thorn, but he has too much to do with—too much to do just now." He comes near saying "with our own men," but checks himself in time. He cannot "kick the man that is down" with such a speech as that, and it is not long before he reappears, and brings with him a surgeon from one of the arriving regiments. Colonel Putnam, too, comes up the stairs, but merely to take a look at the situation, and place a guard over both the wounded man and his strange, shivering companion, Rix. Some of the soldiers are sent for water, and others start a fire in the little stove in the adjoining room. The doctor makes his examination, and does what he can for his sinking patient, but when he comes out he tells Abbot

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1639.

that Hollins has not many hours to live, "and he wants to see you," he adds. "Did you know him?"

There is a strange scene in the cramped little room of the quaint old house that night. By the light of two or three commissary candles and the flickering glare from the fire one can see the features of the watchers and of the fast-dying man. Abbot sits by the bedside, Colonel Putnam is standing at the foot, and the adjutant of the —th Massachusetts has been reading aloud from his notes the statement he has taken down from the lips of the former quartermaster. One part of it needs verification from authority not now available. Mr. Hollins avers that he is not a deserter to the enemy, as appearances would indicate, but a prisoner paroled by them.

The statement, so far as it bears upon his official connection with the regiment, is about as follows:

"I had personal reasons for going back to the Monocacy—reasons that could not be explained to the satisfaction of a commanding officer. I *had* to see Mr. Abbot to explain a wrong I had done him, and avert, if possible, the consequences. I left without permission, and rode back, but found all the roads picketed, and I was compelled to hide with a farmer near Boonsboro until Rix reached me. He had been my clerk, and was an expert penman. He fixed the necessary papers for me, and with the aid of certain disguises I had, it was not so hard to get around. I meant to resign, but feared that, if offered through the regular channels, it would be refused, and I be brought to trial because of the condition of my accounts. Then I found that I was too late to undo the wrong I had done, and it was while trying to make partial amends that I came so near being captured by Colonel Putnam at Frederick. It made me desperate. That night I took the first horse I could find, and rode down the valley, believing all was lost, and that I must get away from that part of the country. Money found me a hiding-place when my papers would no longer serve. Then money bribed a messenger to carry word of my condition to Rix, who had been sent to the regiment at Harper's Ferry. He got away and joined me, and made out some more papers for me, and then started, by night and alone, to get home, where he said he had money. Mine was about gone by that time, and here I lay in hiding until Stuart came sweeping down the Monocacy on his way back to Virginia, and I was glad to be captured and carried along. I gave him my proper name and rank, and when Rix came back the army had left that part of the country, and he followed me into Virginia. He said he would be shot, anyway, if captured; and the next I heard of him—I being then a prisoner in Richmond—was that he had enlisted in a Virginia regiment, and was dying here in Fredericksburg. He had been devoted to me, and needed me. I gave my parole, and was allowed to come here to nurse him. He was recovering and able to be about when the bombardment opened, and I was shot at the river-bank, whither I had gone to bid him good-by, and was carried here. The rest that I have to say is for Major Abbot alone to hear."

Putnam and the adjutant, after a few questions, withdraw; and at last, with even the soldier nurse excluded, the dying man is alone with the one officer of his regiment who had striven to befriend him, and whom he has so basely rewarded.

"There is no time for lamenting or empty talk of forgiveness and remorse. It is time you heard the truth, Abbot. I always envied you at college. I envied every man who had birth or wealth or position. I had some brains, but was poor, burdened with the care of a vagabond brother who was wellnigh a jail-bird, and whose only talent was penmanship. He would have been a forger then if it hadn't been for me. For me he afterward became one. You know who I mean now—Rix. Mr. Winthrop gave me opportunities, and I worked. I had little money, though, but time and again I was called to his house, saw his daughter, and I was ambitious. When she went abroad I followed; was as discreetly attentive as my wit could make me—and when I failed to make the impression I hoped, and we returned, I learned the reason—she was engaged to you. It made me determine that I would undermine it. You did not love her, nor she you. It was a family match, and not one that would make either of you happy. My life in the regiment was a hell, because they seemed to—seemed to know me for what I was. And you simply tolerated me. It made a devil of me, Abbot, and I vowed that proud girl should love me and turn from you if I had to hang for the means that brought it about. I was quartermaster at Edwards Ferry, and Rix was the man who fetched and carried the mails. 'Twas easy enough to abstract her letters or yours from time to time, but the case needed something more than that. Neglect would not rouse her; jealousy might. One day there came the picture of those girls at Hastings" (Abbot's hands begin to clinch; he has listened coldly up to this point), "and I saw the group that was sent to them, and the pretty letter written by their secretary, Miss Warren. Then came her letter saying she was Guthrie Warren's sister. I knew him well at college, and an idea occurred to me. I took your picture, wrote a note, and had Rix copy it, and sent it in your name. When the answer came Rix and I were on the lookout for it, and got it, and wrote again and again. I had matter enough to work on with my knowledge of Warren, and then his death intensified the interest. I don't care to look in your face now, Abbot, for I'm not a fearless man; nothing but a beaten, broken, cowardly scoundrel; but I began trying on that sweet and innocent country girl the arts against which your *fiancée*, my high-bred kinswoman, had been proof; I was bound to punish *her* pride. But I found my pretty correspondent as shy, as maidenly and reserved, with all her sister-love and pride, as the other was superior. It was game worth bringing down, by Heaven! and I grew desperate. I was drinking then, and getting snarled up in my accounts, and you had turned a cold shoulder on me; and then came the campaign and Rix's break and more difficulties, and I was at my wits' end to keep the letters from you; and just before second Bull Run came Miss Winthrop's letters challenging me to prove that you did not care for her, and I sent her three of Miss Warren's letters. But, worse than that, I had been wooing another in your name; and because she would not betray an undue interest, I became more engrossed; became more warmly interested; and soon it was not for the sake of showing your *fiancée* a love-letter from another woman, but to satisfy the cravings of my own heart. I began more and more to strive to win this dainty, innocent, pure minded girl. Ay, sir, I was wooing over your name; but 'twas *I* who loved; yes, loved her, Abbot. *Now* what think you of me and what I suffered?"

He pauses a moment, choked and quivering. He motions with his hand to the cup of stimulant the doctor has left him. Abbot coldly hands it to him, and finds that he must raise him from the pillow before he can swallow. He is stirred to his inmost soul with wrath and indignation against this ruthless traitor, even when the fates have laid him low. It is hard to touch him gently, but he steps to his side and does what he can, bidding him use no exertion and be calm as possible. A few painful, hurried breaths, and then Hollins goes on again:

"Though not once had she confessed her love, I felt I was gaining. She sent me her photograph. It is here, on my breast; I have carried it day and night." Abbot's muscles grew rigid again, and his stern face sets with a sterner look. "But I was in constant worry about my affairs and the coming of those letters. Then when you were wounded and left behind at South Mountain I felt that the crisis had come. I *had* to get back there. Something told me she would hasten to you. They came, and I had the agony of seeing him—her father—returning from his visit to you; Rix told me of it afterward. Then I strove madly to see her; to tell her the truth, though I knew she would only despise and spurn me. I scrawled a note confessing my crime, but sending no name; gave it to the woman to give to the doctor, and then tore myself away. I was the rebel spy the colonel nearly caught, and from that time I have been a fugitive; and now—a chance shot ends it all. Rix has been faithful to me, poor devil, and I came here to do what I could for him. *Voilà tout!* Abbot, don't let them shoot him. He isn't worth it. Give me more of that brandy."

He lies back on the grimy pillow, breathing fast and painfully. Abbot stands in silence a moment. Then his voice, stern and constrained, is heard in question:

"Have you any messages, Hollins? Is there any way in which I can serve you?"

"It seems tough, but the only friend I have to close my eyes is the man I plotted against and nearly despoiled of his lady-love," mutters Hollins. Either he is wandering a little bit or the brandy is potent enough to blur his sense of the nearness of death. "I wanted to tell you the truth—not that I look for forgiveness. I know your race well enough. You'll see fair play, but love and hate are things you don't change in much. I've no right to ask anything of you, but—who *is* there? My God! I believe your wife that is to be was about the only friend I had in the world—except Rix. He brought me back the letters, and says she was so good to him. I hope he didn't ask her for money. He swears he didn't; but he's such a liar! We both are, for that matter. I'm glad, though, now that my lies didn't hurt you. They didn't, did they, Abbot? You're still engaged?"

"I—am engaged."

"Oh, well; if I only hadn't brought that damnable sorrow to that poor child, and if I could only feel that they wouldn't shoot Rix, it wouldn't be so bad—my going now. What *will* they do with Rix?"

"He must stand trial for desertion, I fancy. The men nearly lynched him as it was."

"I know, and you saved him. Isn't it all strange?" Here for over a year we two have been plotting against you, and now, at the last, you're the only friend we have. Where is he?"

"Down below, under guard. You shall see him whenever you feel like it. Is there any one else you want to see, Hollins?"

"Any one—any one? Ah, God! Yes, with a longing that burns. It is *her* face. It is she—Bessie!" His hand steals feebly into his breast, and he drags slowly forth a little packet of oiled silk. This he hugs close to his fluttering heart, and his eyes seek those of the young soldier standing there so strong, so self-reliant, and erect. His glance seems envious, even now, with the fast-approaching angel's death-seal dimming their light, and the clammy dew gathering on his brow.

"It was your picture I sent her, just as you seem to stand there now. It was I who won her, but she thinks I looked like you."

"Pardon me, Hollins," breaks in Abbot, with a voice that trembles despite every effort at self-control, and trembles, too, through the very coldness of the tone. "Colonel Putnam is not far off. There are others whom you might like to see; and shall I send Rix to you?"

"No—not now—no use. Promise me this, Abbot: no matter where or how I'm buried—never mind coffin, or the flag, or the volleys, or the prayers; I don't deserve— They won't help me—*you* see to it, will you, that this is buried on my heart? It's her picture and some letters. Promise."

Abbot slowly bows his head. "I promise, Hollins, if it will comfort you."

"If there were only some way—some way to tell her. I loved her so! She might forgive when she knew how I died. You may see her, Abbot. Stop! Take these three letters; they're addressed to you, anyway. Take them to her by-and-by, and tell her, will you? But let the picture go with me."

The clutching fingers of one hand clasp about the slim envelop that contains the little photograph; the fingers of the other hand are plucking nervously at the blanket that is thrown over the dying man. There is another moment of silence, and then Abbot again asks him if he will have his brother brought to him. Hollins nods, and Abbot goes to the door and whispers a few words to the orderly. When he returns, a feeble hand gropes its way toward him, and Hollins looks up appealingly.

"I'm so much weaker. I'm going fast. Would you shake hands, Abbot? What! Then you bear me no ill-will?"

"I do not, Hollins."

The clouding eyes seem to seek his wistfully, wonderingly. "And yet—I wronged you so."

"Do not think of me. That—all came right."

"I know—I know. It is *her* heart I may have broken—Bessie's. My God! What could she have thought when he came back to her—after seeing you?"

"He told her her lover was dead. I made inquiries."

"Thank God for that! But all the same—she is sorrowing—suffering—and it's all my doing. I believe I could die content, almost happy, if I knew she had not—if I knew—I had not—brought her misery."

"Are you sure, Hollins?"

"Sure! Heaven! yes. Why, Abbot? Do you—do *you* know?"

"She seems happy, Hollins. She is to be married in the spring; I don't know just when."

There is another moment of intense silence in the little room. Outside, the muffled tramp of the night patrols and the gruff challenge of sentries fall faintly on the ear. Within, there is only the quick breathing of the sinking man. There is a long, long look from the dying eyes; a slow movement toward the wellnigh pulseless heart. Then comes the sound of heavy feet upon the stair, and presently the uncouth form of Rix is at the threshold, a piteous look in his haggard face. Abbot raises a hand in warning, and glances quickly from the prisoner at the door to the frame whence fast is ebbing the imprisoned soul. The hand that had faintly clasped his is slowly creeping up to the broad and brawny chest, so feeble now. Far across the rippling waters of the Rappahannock the notes of a bugle, prolonged and distant, soft and solemn, float upon the still night air. 'Tis the soldiers' signal, "Lights out!"—the soldiers' rude yet never-forgotten lullaby. An instant gleam as of recognition hovers in the glazing eyes; then follow a few faint gasps; then—one last gesture as the arm falls limp and nerveless; but it draws forth her precious picture, and lays it at a rival's feet.

THE END.

## THE FOURTH OF JULY IN A SOUTHERN TOWN.

In the South, as far as colored people are concerned in the celebration of the Fourth of July, it is something novel, and on that account has an especial charm for them. The present growing generation of negroes from Virginia to Louisiana were born in a state of freedom, whereas their fathers and mothers, living before emancipation, knew of the Fourth of July only by hearsay. The old slaves paid little or no attention to it. The Fourth—the glorious Fourth—was for the white people, and not for the black ones. Following in the wake of French or Spanish customs rather than of English ones, as far as related to those noisy demonstrations which are supposed to be in unison with religious ceremonies, the colored folks shot off their fire-crackers on Christmas. Little white boys, with their colored playmates, rather ignored the "poppers," as fire-crackers are called South, on the Fourth of July, and exploded them on the 25th of December.

These things are changed now, and nowhere is Independence Day more thoroughly kept than in the South, and by the colored people. Whether our patriotic fathers had any idea of issuing the most important paper on human rights the world ever read during water-melon time nobody can tell. It may, however, be considered in the light of a happy coincidence.

The local colored military organization has looked forward to the Fourth as the day when they were to exhibit themselves arrayed in their best, and the wives and sweethearts of the soldiers have been wild with excitement for months beforehand. A great many colored people, the old men and women, as purveyors of lemonade, gingerbread, and other refreshments, turn an honest penny on this gala-day. The consumption of water-melons on the Fourth is enormous. No economic statistician has ever figured up melons and colored people, but perhaps not quite two melons per head on the Fourth would be a computation not very much out of the way. Under the cake-seller's table in the picture is a jug, just such a one as "Uncle Remus" would have chuckled over; but there is no reason to suppose that that jug does not contain lemon juice or syrup, because a drunken negro is by far a more uncommon sight than a tipsy white man. A more decent and well-behaved crowd it would be impossible to find, for the colored people South are naturally polite and considerate. Acquaintances greet one another, and kindly words are interchanged. The new era South admits of a personage never seen in former times of slavery, and that is the ambulant white peddler. He may be seen in the background of the picture proclaiming the excellence of his wares.

It is getting to be more and more the habit for some colored man to address an assembly of his own race on this momentous occasion. Certainly his bird of freedom soars and swoops in an eccentric manner. As far as eloquence goes, he is the rival of the white speaker; but he invariably shows good judgment, for he tries to teach his hearers that a colored man, to be a free man, must call into play that higher mental quality common to all humanity.

Sensible white people in the South encourage the celebration of the Fourth, for to understand why the day is to be held in reverence is to educate the negro of the duties he owes his country.

## THE MINER IN THE BITUMINOUS REGION.

The condition of the workers in the coal mines and coke ovens of western Pennsylvania is harder than that of the miners of the anthracite region. The former do not go so far down into the bowels of the earth; they oftener see the sun; but they come more closely into contact with their employers, and keenly feel the injustice and the disproportionate distance between their poverty and the others' wealth. Great corporations own the mines of the anthracite region, and they rule the markets for coal and labor. The output for the year is decided upon in advance. The price that the householder pays for his fuel is fixed by the companies that determine the number of days of the year during which the men shall work, and the rate of wages that shall be paid to them. But the worker in the anthracite region receives larger wages than the laborer in the bituminous region, where the mines are owned by individuals and by small corporations. There were 281 collieries in operation in the anthracite region in 1884; in the same year there were 361 collieries and nearly 11,000 coke ovens operated in the bituminous region. The anthracite mines were confined to seven counties; the bituminous collieries were distributed over twenty-five counties. Seven corporations determine the output of the anthracite mines, but the operators of the bituminous mines are so numerous that it is impossible for them to govern the amount of soft coal that shall be placed upon the market. But the coke-makers and the bituminous operators have other advantages from coming more closely into contact with the men whom they employ. The company store is more easily managed. The black list is more effective. The thousand and one impositions upon the miners are more easily practised.

There is no gainsaying the statement that the working-men in the bituminous coal region are the most wretched and the poorest laboring people in the country. The pay is smaller than it is in the anthracite mines. Where a miner in the latter receives $2 70, the miner in the bituminous mines will be paid $2. This, however, does not indicate the actual amounts which the miners receive. According to the account-books of miners which I have seen, 140 days a year is a good average time, and this makes the earnings of a man who is paid at the rate of $2 considerably less than half the aggregate which that sum would appear to imply. This was before the general use of natural gas in the bituminous regions. Since then thousands of miners have been thrown out of employment, and wages have been seriously cut. There are men, women, and children in sore distress throughout western Pennsylvania. I have seen the account-book of a miner, admittedly one of the best and steadiest in the country round, which showed that he had worked only 42 days in eight months. He was one of the victims of natural gas, but before that he had been the victim of false measuring, rapacious landlords, and the company store. Two dollars a day means nothing to the man who receives 42 days' work in eight months. His income is at the rate of $126 a year, nearly half of which must go to the company for rent.

It is unnecessary, however, to depend upon individual and private examinations of this subject. The State Board of Industrial Statistics has done the work for us, and although the showing is far within bounds, it is enough to indicate the real condition of the people who work in the bituminous mines and coke ovens of Pennsylvania. Of the 307 working days in the year, the average loss was 84 days in the bituminous mines. Recognizing this, the Chief of the Bureau was under the necessity of preparing two tables of wages. One of these he called the table of theoretical wages, and the other that of actual wages. The theoretical wages were the payments that would have been made if the men worked on full time. The actual wages were those actually received. A miner who was paid at the rate of $2 a day would be expected to receive $12 a week, and $624 a year. As a matter of fact, he received $7 10 a week, and $309 20 a year, thus losing $4 90 a week. Laborers who were paid at the rate of $1 60 a day actually received $5 61 a week, equal to less than 94 cents a day. Coke-oven chargers were reported to receive $1 70 a day, which is equivalent to $10 20 a week. Coke-oven drawers were said to be paid $1 65 a day, and $9 90 a week. They actually received $6 04 and $5 68 respectively. This element of lost time is not taken into account when rates of wages are discussed. It is true that the Pennsylvanian coal miner receives a trifle more for some branches of his work than the English miner, but the English miner has very much less to pay for. The Pennsylvania miner is compelled to pay a large rent for the poor hut in which he dwells. Mr. Rogers has given us a row of the hovels in which the miners live, on the slope of a bare mountain over the smoking coke ovens. It is not necessary to describe the villages, or the houses which compose them. They are no pleasanter, wholesomer, or more decent than the homes of the miners of anthracite coal. The filthy savage from Central

Europe is also here. There is no instruction for the children, and no hope for the fathers. The only difference is that the bituminous miners live in the high mountains and nearer to nature, whose gloom sinks into the souls of all who are not free enough from care to detect and enjoy its beauties. For these hovels the average rent is $5 a month. In England the miner has no rent to pay. In Pennsylvania the miner pays for all that he gets; in England his coal is free. When to these expenses is added the higher cost of the necessaries of life, the difference between the wages in Pennsylvania and in England is wiped out, or, if it exists at all, it is in favor of the English miner.

There are a number of devices by which the owners and operators of mines oppress their wage-earners. The miner of bituminous coal is paid by weight. He sends his product out of the mine in cars, after the manner illustrated in the accompanying picture. He is allowed 76 pounds to the bushel, but from each car-load is deducted all the foreign substances. Slate is naturally found most frequently in connection with the coal, and it is that which is oftenest charged against the miner. Under the law the operator does not possess all the advantage. It is true that his clerks and weighers receive and decide upon the quantity of coal that each man sends out of the mine, but the law requires that the men shall have a representative, who is known as the "check weigher." The men must pay this watcher of theirs, but the employer is not at liberty to refuse him the right to exercise his functions. Like the laws against the company store and the employment of minors, this law is not always complied with, and men who are trustworthy assert that a miner is often compelled to furnish 120 pounds to the bushel, and 3000 pounds to the ton. It is charged that slate is found in the cars when they reach the weigher which the miner knew was not there when he sent them out of the mine. Another cause of grievance is that in screening the coal the miner is paid only for the coal that does not pass through the screen, although the employer sells the fine coal as well as the coarse. These are all devices to decrease the pay of the wage-earner. They are direct attempts to take away from him some of the fruits of his labor, of which his employer reaps the benefit. His recompense is small, but small as it is, he is dishonestly deprived of a very important part of it.

It is possible to again produce the evidence of the official statistician of Pennsylvania in support of this statement. He has said that the wages of the miners are so small as not "to admit of a saving fund against the day of sickness or disaster," largely owing to the unsteady and uncertain character of his employment, and also that "the factory laws of Pennsylvania are violated every day and every hour in the day, but no move has been made to enforce the law." He has also said: "Labor suffers not so much from lack of laws for its protection as for the means of enforcing those already on the statute-books." Among these laws that are not enforced are mentioned "laws to protect the coal-miner from unjust weights and measures." In a word, the deliberate swindling of the working-man at many of the mines, and especially those in the bituminous region, is matter of common knowledge in that part of Pennsylvania in which coal is dug.

It is the practice of the mine bosses to undertake to demonstrate that the men who are employed by them are well paid. They answer the universal evidences of misery and poverty by showing their pay-rolls; but their pay-rolls are likely to be false. Those who do not hesitate at false weights will not hesitate at a slight misrepresentation as to the receipts of their victims. On one occasion a boss showed me by his payroll that some of his men were earning as much as six dollars a day each. Diligent inquiry developed the fact that the one man's pay represented the work of himself and his assistants, whose wages he is obliged to pay, or that the accumulation of four days of mining had been sent to the surface in one day. There are a large number of elements entering into the problem of determining the worth of wages. There are not only the dishonest exactions of the weighers, the short time, and fictitious pay-rolls, but there are the expenses that must be paid by the miner. He must buy the oil for his lamp, and his powder, and he must keep his tools in good condition. At the present rate of wages the miner cannot have for his own purposes more than $1 25 a day, and when we are considering his income it must be reckoned on a basis of less than two-thirds time. The miner who has $15 a month, after paying his rent, for clothes, food, medical attendance, and all the necessary expenses of living, is exceptionally fortunate.

When all the direct exactions have been made, and all the direct impositions have been practised, the miner is fleeced by the company store. This institution is prohibited by the laws of the State, but it flourishes, nevertheless, in great vigor in the bituminous regions. There are any number of disguises which may conceal the actual ownership. The store may be owned by another corporation, composed, however, of the same stockholders as make up the coal company, or there may be a silent partnership, in pursuance of which the store honors the orders of the company. It is the policy of the operators who thus violate the laws to keep their working-men bound to them by debt. In the first place they compel them to sign a contract which often permits the violation of certain factory laws, and as a guarantee or security from three to four months' wages are withheld. As wages are generally paid monthly, the new man in such a mine must wait from seven to eight weeks before receiving any money. In the mean time he must live on credit, and this credit he receives from the company store on orders that have again and again been declared illegal. In fact, one court has gone so far as to hold that a miner who had received and accepted orders on the company store in lieu of money, and had obtained goods on the orders, was still, nevertheless, entitled to recover his money as if no wages whatever had been paid to him. But the company store is so profitable that it pays to violate the law. Having screwed the working-men down to the last penny, and having made their wages smaller by dishonest means, these operators compel them to spend their small pittances in their stores, where they are charged enormous prices. What those prices are, as compared with the charges of the regular merchants of the neighborhood for the same articles, may be judged from the following table, compiled from the pass-book of a miner near Pittsburgh:

| Article. | Cash Store Prices. | Company Store Prices. |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Flour, per sack | $1 00 | $1 75 |
| Ham | 12 | 18 |
| Tea | 35 | 60 |
| Chopped feed per hundred | 1 25 | 2 10 |
| Lard | 09 | 13 |
| Raisins, per pound | 10 | 15 |
| Currants, per pound | 05 | 08½ |

This table was made not quite three years ago, and while the prices may have changed somewhat, the ratio of difference between the two kinds of store remains about the same. The chief of the "Bureau of Industrial Statistics" has this to say on the subject: "The prices paid by the wage-worker for groceries, provisions, etc., obtained on store orders are equivalent to a reduction of from ten to fifteen per cent. of his wages. The system of 'company stores' robs the wage-worker of an amount of money that it is impossible to calculate; but enough is known to warrant the inference that he who, forced by circumstances, is obliged to accept store orders or deal at the 'company store' is at the mercy of his employer." Experience has not shown that this is a tender mercy. If a miner is employed for the full month he may come out with a trifling balance in his favor. If he does not spend that balance at the store he cannot stand well with the boss. As likely as not he will be told to lie off, and work will not be given him again until his account at the store equals or surpasses the balance in his favor. Sometimes a man is ordered to stop work in the middle of a month if he is making too much money, and it is oftenest the case that a miner in this part of Pennsylvania does not see any money for several months at a time. His receipts for the rent of the company's hovel in which he lives and for his account at the company's store balance the credits for his work, or leave him a little in debt. If there is no company store at the mine, there is very likely an arrangement with a store in a neighboring town or village. Orders are given by the operators to their miners on these stores, and they are cashed at the liberal discount of six or seven per cent. If the miners complain of their lot, or are insubordinate, they are discharged and put upon the black list, and the black list is a terror to them. A man whose name is on it finds it almost impossible to get employment. He wanders from mine to mine only to find that he is marked, and that his mark may be read by any boss to whom he may apply.

One sees the seamy side of human nature in the bituminous regions of Pennsylvania as it may be seen nowhere else in this country. The degraded people of the city tenements are volunteers in the army of idlers, but many of the men of the Alleghany Mountains are industrious and sober. They are slaves, however, of a hard and dishonest tyranny, which is irresponsible, and is intrenched in the multitude of those whom it oppresses. There are bright spots in this region, but they are very few. In no other part of the country does selfishness rule with so high and cruel a hand, nor does degradation follow so loyally.

Not many years ago, when natural gas first came into general use, thousands of miners were thrown out of employment, and visitors to Pittsburgh used to witness every evening at the bridges which cross the river to Birmingham what to them was a strange sight. Scores of children, boys and girls, ragged, thin, dirty with the dust and smoke of the neighboring works, waited at the bridges at six o'clock in the evening for the return of the men from the iron and steel mills. And when they came there was a rush, and the men threw among the hungry, fighting crowd the scraps that were left in their dinner pails. This was the food on which lived, not only these children, but their fathers and mothers, the unemployed miners and their families. The sight, however, was not altogether strange to those who were familiar with the bituminous coal region. The poverty and hunger were only a little increased. Their victims have been for years familiar objects. Natural gas did not bring a new experience to the coal-miners; it only made it a little more universal and prolonged, for misery is the daily companion of these people.

H. L. Nelson.

## GETTYSBURG.

On the crest of Cemetery Ridge, perhaps a third of the way from the town of Gettysburg to "Little Round Top," is a clump of woods that marks one of the most famous spots in history. Up to that point, across a sloping plain of cultivated fields, under a murderous fire, struggled the van of Pickett's charging column, twenty-five years ago, on the third and last day of the greatest battle of the war for the Union. On that crest came a brief, deadly, hand-to-hand grapple, and then the giving way of the gallant assailants in surrender or flight.

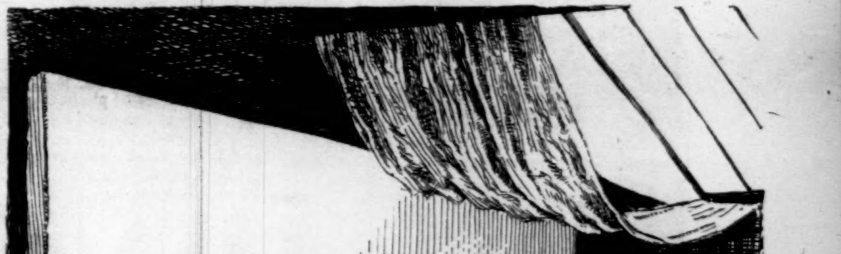
This year's anniversary of the great Union victory is made unusually important by holding the annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac on the battle-field, by the dedication of many monuments, especially of New York regiments and batteries, and by a general reunion of the veterans of the "blue" and the "gray."

The memorial picture which we present in the Weekly finds its scene in the climax just spoken of. A series of successes had gradually tempted Lee to a daring undertaking. Two months before, he had defeated Hooker at Chancellorsville, and the fruit of that success had been his invasion of the North. On the 28th of June, Meade had succeeded Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, and only three days later, July 1st, the advance portions of the opposing armies had unexpectedly met near Gettysburg village in a hard battle, which had thrown the Union troops on the defensive upon the neighboring ridge. The next day Lee had gained ground by furious attacks both against the Union right at Culp's Hill and the Union left at the Peach Orchard, where it was driven back from a salient in open ground to the heights in the rear. On the third day, therefore, July 3d, formidable as the shortened and strengthened Union line on the ridge looked, he sought to break its centre. The execution of this purpose he confided to General Longstreet, who formed a storming column, consisting of Pickett's division of Virginians from his own corps, and on its left Heth's division, mostly of North Carolinians, with a few regiments of Virginians and Tennesseeans from Hill's Corps. On Pickett's right was Wilcox's Alabama brigade, also of Hill's corps.

The charge was preceded by a prodigious cannonading on both sides, and when the Union artillery fire was purposely slackened by General Hunt, in order to save ammunition, the Confederate infantry advance began. The troops had been formed in the woods on Seminary Ridge, which is parallel to Cemetery Ridge. As they emerged in magnificent line, as if on parade, the Union artillery at once resumed its fire, and tore great gaps in their ranks as they went on, but could not check their steady progress down the slope of Seminary Ridge, and across the plain, and up the crest of Cemetery Ridge. Here the Union line at the point attacked was under the charge of General Hancock, who had the Second Corps, aided by a portion of the First. Gallant as was the assault, it was met by a desperate defence. Heth's division, then commanded by Pettigrew, received a tremendous fire from Hays's division of the Second Corps, and was first to break. Pickett still kept on, and struck Webb's brigade of Gibbons's division. At once a desperate fight took place at the right of the clump of trees, which had been pointed out to Pickett as his objective point, and at an adjoining stone wall. The brigades of Hall and Harrow rushed to the aid of Webb; Stannard's brigade took the enemy in flank; Hall made a magnificent charge through to the stone fence on which the enemy's colors were planted. A small area had become the focus of the Confederate batteries which were following up Pickett's advance, and of the Union artillery which was supporting Gibbons's line. When the Confederate charge was broken, 2500 prisoners and 12 flags were captured at the point of conflict represented in our sketch, with an aggregate of 4500 prisoners and 27 flags along the Union line. This defeat of Pickett closed the great battle of Gettysburg, and on the night of July 4th Lee began his retreat to the Potomac.

The illustration which we give of this great conflict at its supreme moment presents to the eye a varied and thrilling story. At the centre, in the middle ground, just at the right of the larger clump of trees, the head of the Confederate charging column, with three flags flying, has broken through the Union lines at the stone wall; and at the head of his men General Armistead, with his hat waving on the point of his sword, falls mortally wounded. From that point to the right of the picture the Confederates are passing across the stone wall, firing as they come, while behind them are the rear brigades coming up by battalion. More faintly indicated are the supporting troops on the right and left of Pickett's division, some of whom are so advancing as to protect its rear from attack, while they themselves are already exposed to a flank fire from Stannard's brigade and other forces. In the foreground portions of Hall's brigade, which comprised the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, Forty-second and Fifty-ninth New York, and Seventh Michigan, are charging over a mass of wrecked caissons and limbers destroyed during the artillery duel, while other Union troops are coming up. Fresh Union batteries are also at hand, while a pathetic figure is that of Cushing, mortally wounded, and leaning on his piece, as he turns to General Webb and says, "Webb, I will give them one more shot," and then calling "Good-by," falls dead. The condition of the foreground indicates the effect of the concentrated artillery fire poured by the Confederates against the point upon which they were preparing to charge. Opposite, in the background, are the heights of Seminary Ridge, from which the Confederates came, with the rolling upland valley or plain between, over which they passed under artillery fire.

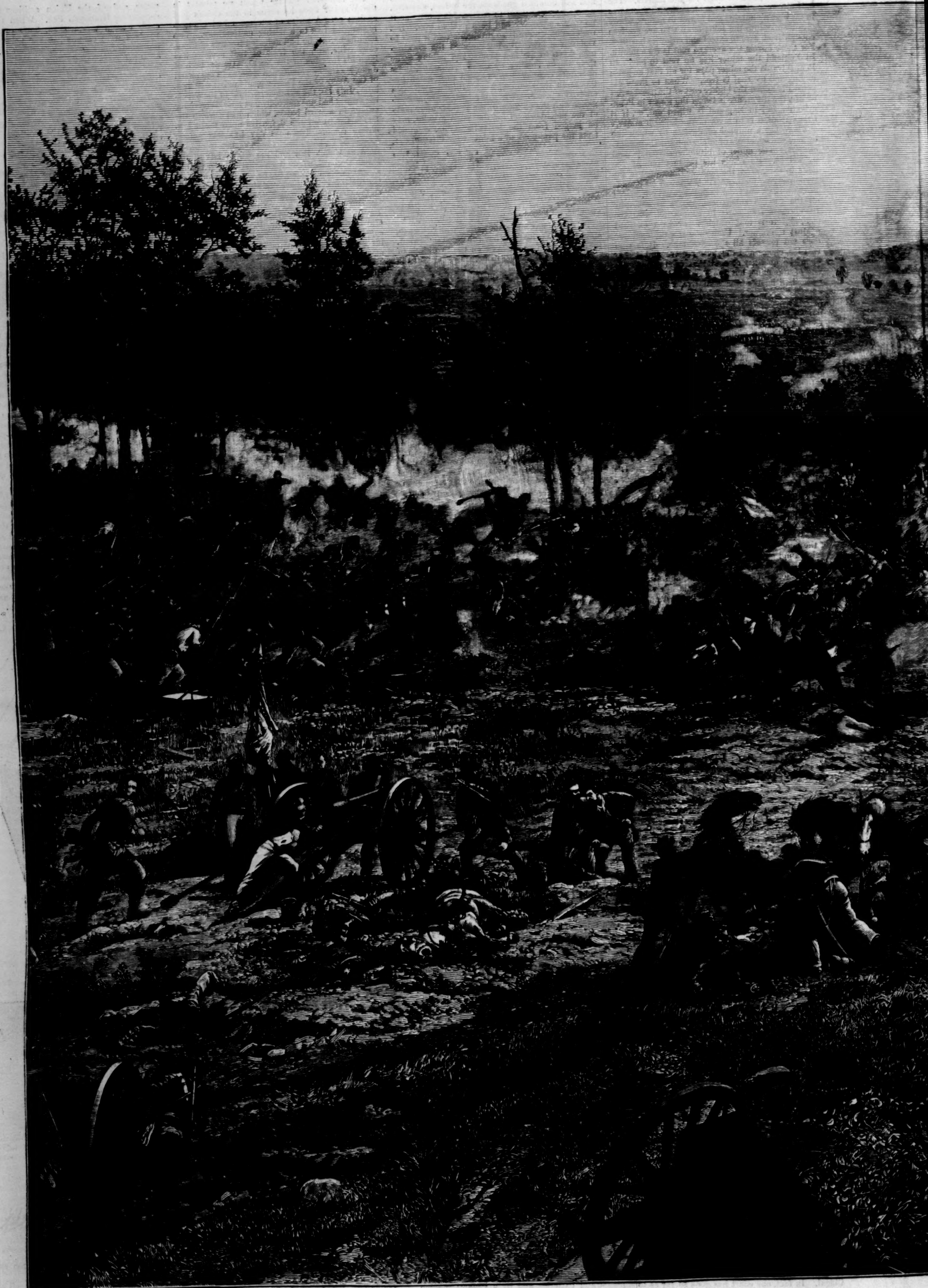
This charge of Pickett's was attempted against the advice of Longstreet, who considered the chances heavily against its success, and favored instead marching past the left flank of the Union army, between it and Washington, and so securing a more favorable battle-field. When the time came to give the order, Longstreet bowed rather than spoke it, and Pickett proudly answered, "I shall go forward it." In striking the Second Corps he encountered the flower of the Union army. The assault will live in history as one of the most gallant of the war, defeated no less gallantly.



SHE MIGHT HURRY HOME.

Photographer. "The likeness is excellent, but I am afraid the expression is too sad. We had better try again."

Customer. "No! no! The expression is all right. I've been practising on it all the forenoon. I'm to send the picture to my wife, who is visiting in the country, and it wouldn't do to have anything hilarious about it."



"PICKETT'S CHARGE."—From Philippoteaux's "Battle of Gettysb

URG," EXHIBITED BY THE UNION SQUARE PANORAMA COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

## COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

*(Continued from front page.)*

had), on the occasion of her first introduction to him, five-and-thirty years before—"Umph! Nature meant to make a pretty girl of you, and changed her mind after she had finished the mouth. Well, never mind; better be a plain man than a pretty woman. There, go along, boy; I like your ugly face."

Nor was the old lady peculiar in this respect, for, plain as the countenance of Colonel Harold Quaritch undoubtedly was, people found something very taking about it when once they got used to its rugged air and stern regulated expression. What that something was it would be hard to define; but perhaps the nearest approach to the truth would be to describe it as a light of purity which, notwithstanding the popular idea to the contrary, is to be found quite as often upon the faces of men as upon those of women. Any person of discernment in looking at Colonel Quaritch must have felt that he was in the presence of a good man, not a prude or a milksop, but a man who had attained to virtue by thought and struggle that had left their mark upon his face, a man whom it would not be well to tamper with, and one to be respected by all, and feared of evil-doers. Men felt this, and he was popular among those who knew him in his service, though not in any hail-fellow-well-met kind of way. But among women he was not popular. As a rule they both feared and disliked him. His presence jarred upon the frivolity of the lighter members of their sex, who dimly realized that his nature was antagonistic, and the more solid ones could not understand him. Perhaps this was the reason why Colonel Quaritch had never married, had never even had a love affair since he was five-and-twenty.

And yet it was of a woman's face that he was thinking as he leant over the gate, and looked at the field of yellowing corn, undulating like a golden sea beneath the pressure of the wind.

Colonel Quaritch had twice in his life been at Honham before the present time, when he had come to abide there for good and all—once ten and once five years ago. His old aunt, Mrs. Massey, had a place in the village—a very small place—called Honham Cottage, or Molehill, and he had on those two occasions been down to stay with her. Now Mrs. Massey was dead and buried, and had left him the property, and he had given up his profession, in which he had no further prospects, and come to live at Honham. This was his first evening in the place, for he had arrived by the last train on the previous night. All day he had been busy trying to get the house a little straight, and now, thoroughly tired of the task, he was refreshing himself by leaning over a gate. It is, though a great many people will not believe it, one of the most delightful refreshments in the world.

And then it was, as he leant over the gate, that the image of a woman's face rose before his mind as it had been continually rising for the last five years. It was five years since he had seen it, and those five years he had spent in India and Egypt, that is, with the exception of six months which he had passed in hospital, as the result of an Arab spear-thrust in the thigh. It had risen before him in all sorts of places and at all sorts of times, in his sleep, in his waking moments, at mess, out shooting, and even once in the hot rush of battle. He remembered it well. It was at El Teb. It happened that stern necessity forced him to shoot a man with his pistol. The bullet cut into the spine of his enemy, and with a few convulsions he died. He watched him die; he could not help doing so; there was some fascination in following the act of his own hand to its dreadful conclusion; and indeed conclusion and commencement were very near together. The terror of the sight, the terror of what in defence of his own life he had been forced to do, revolted him even in the heat of the fight, and then, even then, over that ghastly, agony-distorted face, another face had spread itself like a mask, blotting it out from view—that woman's face. And now again it re-arose, inspiring him with the rather recondite reflections as to the immutability of things and impressions with which this domestic record opens.

Five years is a good stretch in a man's journey through the world. Many things happen to us in that time. If a thoughtful man were to set to work to record all the impressions that impinge upon his mind during that period, he would fill a library with volumes; the mere tale of its events would furnish a shelf. And yet how small they are to look back upon! It seemed but the other day that he had been leaning over this very gate, and had turned to see a young girl dressed in black, with a spray of honeysuckle stuck in her girdle and a stick in her hand, walking leisurely down the lane. There was something about the girl's air that had struck him while she was yet a long way off—a dignity and a grace, and a set of the shoulders, and then as she came nearer he saw the soft dark eyes and the waving brown hair that contrasted so strangely and effectively with the pale and striking face. It was not a beautiful face, for the mouth was too large, and the nose was not as straight as it might have been, but there was a power about the broad brow and a force and solid nobility stamped upon the features which had impressed him strangely. Just as she arrived opposite to where he was standing, a gust of wind, for there was a stiff breeze, had blown the lady's hat off, taking it right over the hedge, and he, as in duty bound, had scrambled into the field and fetched it for her, and she had thanked him with a quick smile and a lighting up of the brown eyes, and then passed on with a bow.

Yes, with a little bow she had passed on, and he had watched her departing down the long level drift, till she melted into the stormy sunset light, and was gone. When he returned to the cottage he had described her to his old aunt, and asked who she might be, to learn that her name was Ida De la Molle, which sounded like a name out of a novel, the only daughter of the old Squire who lived at Honham Castle. And then next day he had departed to India, and saw Miss De la Molle no more.

And now he wondered what had become of her. Probably she was married; so striking a person would be almost sure to attract the notice of men. And after all what could it matter to him? He was not a marrying man, and women as a class had little attraction for him; indeed, he disliked them. It has been said that he had never married, and never even had a love affair since he was five-and-twenty, and this was true enough. But though he was not married, he once, before he was five-and-twenty, had very nearly taken that step. It was twenty years ago now, and nobody quite knew the history, for in twenty years many things are fortunately forgotten. But there was a history, and a scandal, and the marriage was broken off almost on the very day before it was to have taken place. And after that it leaked out in the neighborhood—it was in Essex, near Romford—that the young lady, who, by-the-way, was a large heiress, had gone off her head, presumably with grief, and been confined in an asylum, where she was presumed still to remain.

Perhaps it was the thinking of this one woman's face, the woman he had once seen walking down the drift, her figure limned out against the stormy sky, that led him to think of the other face, the face hidden in the mad-house. At any rate, with a sigh, or rather a groan, he swung himself round from the gate and began walking homeward at a brisk pace.

The drift that he was following was known as the mile drift, and had in ancient times formed the approach to the gates of Honham Castle, the seat of the ancient and honorable family of De la Molle (sometimes written "Delamol" in history and ancient writings). Honham Castle was now nothing but a ruin, with a manor-house built out of the wreck on one side of the square, and the broad way that led to it from the high-road which ran from Boisingham,* the local country town, was a drift or grass lane.

Colonel Quaritch followed this drift till he came to the high-road, and then turned to the left. A few minutes' walk brought him to a drive opening out of the main road on the left as he faced toward Boisingham. This drive, which was some three hundred yards long, led up a rather sharp slope to his own place, Honham Cottage, or Molehill, as the villagers called it, a title calculated to give a keen impression of a neat spick and span red brick villa with a slate roof. As a matter of fact, however, it was nothing of the sort, being a building of the fifteenth century, as a glance at its massive flint walls was sufficient to show. In ancient times there had been a large abbey at Boisingham, two miles away, which, as the records show, in the fifteenth century, suffered terribly from an outbreak of the plague. After this the monks obtained by grant from the De la Molle of the day ten acres of land, known as the Molehill, and so named either on account of its resemblance to a mole-hill, of which more presently, or after the family. On this elevated spot, which was supposed to be peculiarly healthy, they built the little house now known as Honham Cottage, whereto to fly when next the plague should visit them.

And as they built it, so, with some slight additions, it had remained to this day, for in those ages men did not skimp their flint and oak and mortar. It was a beautiful little spot, upon the flat top of a swelling hill, which comprised the ten acres of grazing-ground originally granted, and was, wonderful to say, to this day the most magnificently timbered piece of ground in the country-side. For on the ten acres of grass land there were over fifty great oaks, some of them pollards of the most enormous antiquity, and others which had originally, no doubt, grown very close together, fine upstanding trees with a wonderful length and girth of bole. This place old Mrs. Massey, Colonel Quaritch's aunt, had bought nearly thirty years before, when she became a widow; and now it had, together with a modest income of two hundred a year, passed to him under her will.

Shaking himself clear of his sad thoughts, Harold Quaritch turned round at his own front door to contemplate the scene. The long, single-storied house stood, as has been said, at the top of the rising land, and to the south and west and east commanded as beautiful a view as is to be seen in that county. There, a mile or so away to the south, situated in the midst of grassy grazing-grounds, flanked on either side by still perfect towers, frowned the massive gateway of the old Norman castle. Then, to the west, almost at the foot of the Molehill, the ground broke away in a deep bank clothed with timber, which led the eye down by slow descents into the beautiful valley of the Ell. Here the silver river wound its gentle way through lush and poplar-bordered marshes, where the cattle stand knee-deep in flowers; past quaint old wooden mill-houses, through Boisingham Old Common, windy-looking even now, and brightened here and there with a dash of golden gorse, till it was lost in the picturesque cluster of red-tiled roofs that marked the ancient town. Look which way he would, the view was lovely, and equal to any to be found in the eastern counties, where the scenery is fine enough in its own way, whatever people, whose imaginations are so weak that they require a mountain and a torrent to excite them into activity, may choose to say to the contrary.

Behind the house to the north there was no view, and for a good reason, for here in the very middle of the back garden rose a mound of large size and curious shape, which completely shut the landscape out. What this mound, which may perhaps have covered half an acre of ground, was, nobody had any idea. Some learned folk said that it was a Saxon tumulus, a presumption to which its ancient name, "Dead Man's Mount," seemed to give color. Other folk, however, yet more learned, declared that it was an ancient British dwelling, and pointed triumphantly to a hollow at the top, wherein the ancient Britishers were supposed to have moved, lived, and had their being, which must, urged the other party, have been a very damp one. Thereon the late Mrs. Massey, who was a British-dwellingite, proceeded to show with much triumph *how* they had lived in the hole, by building a huge mushroom-shaped roof over it, and thereby turning it into a summer-house, which, owing to unexpected difficulties in the construction of the roof, cost a great deal of money. But as the roof was slated, and as it was found necessary to pave the hole with tiles and cut surface drains in it, the result did not clearly prove its use as a dwelling-place before the Roman conquest. Nor did it make a very good summer-house. Indeed, it now served as a store-place for the gardeners and for rubbish generally.

### CHAPTER II.

THE COLONEL MEETS THE SQUIRE.

Suddenly, as Colonel Quaritch was contemplating these various views, and reflecting that on the whole he had done well to come and live at Honham Cottage, he was startled by a loud voice saluting him from about twenty yards distance, with such a peculiar vigor that he fairly jumped.

"Colonel Quaritch, I believe," said, or rather shouted, the voice from somewhere down the drive.

"Yes," answered the Colonel, mildly; "here I am."

"Ah, I thought it was you. Always tell a military man, you know. Excuse me, but I am resting for a minute; this last pull is an uncommonly stiff one. I always used to tell my dear old friend Mrs. Massey that she ought to have the hill cut away a bit just here. Well, here goes for it," and after a few heavy steps the visitor emerged from the shadow of the trees into the sunset light which was playing on the terrace before the house.

Colonel Quaritch glanced up curiously to see who the owner of the great voice might be, and his eyes lit upon as fine a specimen of humanity as he had seen for a long while. The man was old, as his white hair showed—seventy, perhaps—but that was the only sign of decay about him. He was a splendid man, broad and thick and strong, with a keen quick eye, and a face sharply chiselled, and clean-shaved, of the stamp which in novels is generally known as aristocratic—a face that, in fact, showed both birth and breeding. Indeed, as, clothed in loose tweed garments and a gigantic pair of top-boots, his visitor stood there, leaning on his long stick and resting himself after breasting the hill, Harold Quaritch thought to himself that he had never seen a more perfect specimen of the typical English country gentleman—as the English country gentleman used to be.

"How do you do, sir, how do you do?—my name is De la Molle. My man George, who knows everybody's business except his own, told me that you had arrived here, so I thought that I would walk round and do myself the honor of making your acquaintance."

"That is very kind of you," said the Colonel.

"Not at all. If you only knew how uncommonly dull it is down here you would not say that. The place isn't what it used to be when I was a boy. There are plenty of rich people about, but they are not the same stamp of people. It isn't what it used to be in more ways than one," and the old Squire gave something like a sigh, and thoughtfully removed his white hat, out of which a dinner napkin and two pocket-handkerchiefs fell to the ground, in a fashion that reminded Colonel Quaritch of the climax of a conjuring trick.

"You have dropped some—some linen," he said, stooping down to pick the mysterious articles up.

"Oh, yes, thank you," answered his visitor. "I find the sun a little hot at this time of the year. There is nothing like a few handkerchiefs or a towel to keep it off," and he rolled the mass of napery into a ball, and cramming it back into the crown, replaced the hat on his head in such a fashion that about eight inches of white napkin hung down behind. "You must have felt it in Egypt," he went on—"the sun, I mean. It's a bad climate, that Egypt, as I have good reason to know," and he pointed again to his white hat, which, as Harold Quaritch now observed for the first time, was encircled by a broad black band.

"Ah, I see," said he. "I suppose that you have had a loss?"

"Yes, sir; a very heavy loss."

Now Colonel Quaritch had never heard that Mr. De la Molle had more than one child, Ida De la Molle, the young lady whose face had remained so strongly fixed in his memory, although he had scarcely spoken to her on that one occasion five long years ago. Could it be possible that she had died in Egypt? The idea sent a tremor of fear through him, though of course there was no real reason why it should. Deaths are so common.

"Not—not Miss De la Molle?" he said, nervously, adding, "I had the pleasure of seeing her once, a good many years ago, when I was stopping here for a few days with my aunt."

"Oh no, not Ida. She is alive and well, thank God! Her brother James. He went all through that wretched war which we owe to Mr. Gladstone, as I say, though I don't know what your politics are, and then caught a fever, or, as I think, got touched by the sun, and died on his way home. Poor boy! He was a fine fellow, Colonel Quaritch, and my only son, but very reckless. Only a month or so before he died I wrote to him to be careful always to put a towel in his helmet, and he answered, in that flippant sort of way that he had, that he was not going to turn himself into a dirty clothes bag, and that he rather liked the heat than otherwise. Well, he's gone, poor fellow, in the service of his country, like many of his ancestors before him, and there's an end of him."

And again the old man sighed, heavily this time.

"And now, Colonel Quaritch," he went on, shaking off his oppression with a curious rapidity that was characteristic of him, "what do you say to coming up to the castle for your dinner? You must be in a mess here, and I expect that old Mrs. Jobson, whom my man George tells me you have got to look after you, will be glad enough to be rid of you for to-night. What do you say? Take the place as you find it, you know. I know that there is a leg of mutton for dinner, if there is nothing else, because, instead of minding his own business, I saw George going off to Boisingham to fetch it this morning. At least that is what he said that he was going for; just an excuse to gossip and idle, I fancy."

"Well, really," said the Colonel, "you are very kind; but I don't think that my dress clothes are unpacked yet."

"Dress clothes! Oh, never mind your dress clothes. Ida will excuse you, I dare say. Besides, you have no time to dress. By Jove, it's nearly seven o'clock; we must be off, if you are coming."

The Colonel hesitated. He had intended to dine at home, and being a methodical-minded man, did not like altering his plans. Also he was, like most old military men, very punctilious about his dress and personal appearance, and objected to going out to dinner in a shooting coat. But all this notwithstanding, a feeling that he did not quite understand, and that it would have puzzled an American novelist to analyze—something between restlessness and curiosity, with a dash of magnetic attraction thrown in—got the better of his scruples, and he went.

"Well, thank you," he said; "if you are sure that Miss De la Molle will not mind, I will come. Just allow me to tell Mrs. Jobson."

"That's right," hallooed the Squire after him. "I'll meet you at the back of the house. We had better go through the fields."

By the time that the Colonel, having informed his house-keeper that he should not want any dinner, and hastily brushed his not too luxuriant locks, had reached the garden that lay behind the house, the old gentleman was nowhere to be seen. Presently, however, a loud halloa from the top of the tumulus-like hill announced his whereabouts. Wondering what the old gentleman could be doing up there, Harold Quaritch walked up the steps that led to the summit of the mound, and found him standing at the entrance to the mushroom-shaped summer-house, contemplating the view.

"There, Colonel," he said, "there's a perfect view for you. Talk about Scotland and the Alps! Give me a view of the valley of Ell from the top of Dead Man's Mount on an autumn evening; I never want to see anything finer. I have always loved it from a boy, and always shall so long as I live. Look at those oaks, too. There are no such trees in the country that I know of. The old lady, your aunt, was wonderfully fond of them. I hope," he went on, in a tone of anxiety—"I hope that you don't mean to cut any of them down?"

"Oh no," said the Colonel; "I should never think of such a thing."

"That's right. Never cut down a good tree if you can help it. I'm sorry to say, however," he added, after a pause, "that I have been forced to cut down a good many myself. Queer place this, isn't it?" he continued, dropping the subject of the trees, which was evidently a painful one to him. "Dead Man's Mount is what the people about here call it, and that is what they called it at the time of the Conquest, as I can prove to you from ancient writings. I always believed that it was a tumulus, but of late years a lot of these clever people have been taking their oath that it is an ancient British dwelling, as though ancient Britons, or any one else, for that matter, could live in a kind of drain-hole. But they got on the soft side of your old aunt—who, by-the-way, begging your pardon, was a wonderfully obstinate old lady when once she got an idea into her head—and so she set to work and built this slate mushroom over it, and one way or another, it cost her two hundred and fifty pounds. Dear me! I shall never forget her face when she saw the bill." And the old gentleman burst out into a Titanic laugh, such as Harold Quaritch had not heard for many a long day.

"Yes," he answered, "it is a queer spot. I think that I must have a dig at it one day."

"By Jove!" said the Squire, "I never thought of that. It would be worth doing. Hulloa! it is twenty minutes past seven, and we dine at half past. I shall catch it from Ida. Come on, Colonel Quaritch; you don't know what it is to have a daughter. A daughter, when one is late for dinner, is a serious thing for any man." And he started off down the hill in a hurry.

Very soon, however, he seemed to forget the terrors in store, and strolled along, stopping now and again to admire some particular oak or view; chatting all the while in a discursive manner, which, though it was somewhat aimless, was by no means without its charm. He was a capital companion for a silent man like Harold Quaritch, who liked to hear other people talk, though some people found him a somewhat tiresome one.

* Said to have been so named after the Boissey family, whose heiress, a De la Molle, married in the fourteenth century. As, however, the town of Boisingham is mentioned by one of the old Saxon chroniclers, this does not seem very probable. No doubt the family took their name from the town or hamlet, not the town from the family.

In this way they got down the slope, and passing through a couple of wheat fields, came to a succession of broad meadows, somewhat sparsely timbered, through which the footpath ran right up to the grim gateway of the ancient castle, which now loomed before them, outlined in red lines of fire against the ruddy background of the sunset sky.

"Ay, it's a fine old place, Colonel, isn't it?" said the Squire, catching the exclamation of admiration that broke from his companion's lips, as a sudden turn brought them into line with the Norman ruin. "History—that's what it is: history in stone and mortar; this is historic ground, every inch of it. Those old De la Molles, my ancestors, and the Boisseys before them, were great folk in their day, and they kept up their position well. I will take you to see their tombs in the church yonder on Sunday. I always hoped to be buried beside them, but I can't manage it now, because of the Act. However, I mean to get as near to them as I can. I have a fancy for the companionship of those old barons, though I expect that they were a roughish set in their lifetime. Look how squarely those towers stand out against the sky. They always remind me of the men who built them—sturdy, overbearing fellows, setting their shoulders against the sea of circumstances, and caring neither for man nor devil till the priests got hold of them at the last. Well, God rest them; they helped to make England, whatever their faults. Queer place to choose for a castle, though, wasn't it, right out in an open plain."

"I suppose that they trusted to their moat and walls, and the hagger at the bottom of the dry ditch," said the Colonel. "You see there is no eminence from which they could be commanded, and their archers could sweep all the plain from the battlements."

"Ah, yes, of course they could. It is easy to see that you are a soldier. They were no fools, those old crusaders. My word, we must be getting on. They are hauling down the Union-Jack on the west tower. I always have it hauled down at sunset," and he began walking briskly again.

In another three minutes they had crossed a narrow by-road, and were passing up the ancient drive that led to the castle gates. It was not much of a drive, but there were still some half-dozen of old pollard oaks that had no doubt stood there before the first Boissey, from whose family, centuries ago, the De la Molles had obtained the property by marriage with the heiress, had got his charts and cut the first sod of his moat.

Right before them was the gateway of the castle, flanked by two great towers, and that, with the exception of some ruins, was, as a matter of fact, all that remained of the ancient building, which had been effectually demolished in the time of Cromwell. The space within, where the keep had once stood, was now laid out as a flower-garden, while the house, which was of an unpretentious nature, and built in the Jacobean style, occupied the south side of the square, and was placed with the back to the moat.

"You see I have practically rebuilt those two towers," said the Squire, pausing underneath the Norman archway. "If I had not done it," he added, apologetically, "they would have been in ruins by now; but it cost a pretty penny, I can tell you. Nobody knows what stuff that old flint masonry is to deal with, till he tries it. Well, it will stand now for many a long day. And here we are"—and he pushed open a porch door and then passed through a passage into a kind of oak-panelled vestibule, which was hung with tapestry, originally taken, no doubt, from the old castle, and decorated with coats of armor, spear heads, and ancient swords.

And here it was that Harold Quaritch once more beheld the face that had haunted his memory for so many months.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SIC TRANSIT.

OH wondrous life of joy and strength
  While man's young power unspent is,
Through all the ten years' joyous length,
  The hot and eager twenties!

Next comes the decade sweet and strong,
  Years where no harm or hurt is,
When life pours forth its fullest song—
  The proud and passionate thirties.

Life's summer glows; with flower and fruit
  The long day all too short is,
And well its glorious splendors suit
  Our mid-day world, the forties.

Is this the first approach of night?
  Yes; downward now our drift is,
As on we fare through waning light,
  Slow sinking through the fifties.

Still closer folds our narrowing range;
  Our fate more sure and fixed is—
For good or ill, small chance of change
  When once we reach the sixties.

Darkens the shadow of the tomb,
  And either hell or heaven 'tis,
As life, past, present, and to come,
  Looks on us through the seventies.

Shut out from manhood's earlier force,
  How sad the growing weight is
We bear along the dreary course
  That lingers through the eighties!

Still slowlier dips our weary oar,
  But useless to repine 'tis;
And yet we long to find a shore
  Somewhere among the nineties.

Come, kindly death, unfeared, long sought,
  Spare us the torturing one dread
That Heaven has dropped us out of thought
  To leave us o'er the hundred!

J. ARTHUR BINNS.

## SECRETARY FAIRCHILD'S PROTEST.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
*Washington, D. C., June 20, 1888.*

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, *President of the New York Civil Service Reform Association:*

SIR,—After mature reflection, I have decided that I ought publicly to address you in relation to certain proceedings of some of the officers of the Civil Service Reform Association, and of the association itself through its authorized attorney, whereby I have unfairly and untruthfully been placed in an invidious attitude before the public, and, what is more important, whereby the good name of the association and the cause of civil service reform itself has been, in my judgment, seriously injured.

I have a right thus to address you because I am myself a member of that association.

The association, through its officers and attorney, appeared in the city of New York before the Senate committee, of which Mr. Hale is chairman, as the medium by which certain charges affecting me and my administration of the Treasury Department were presented. I have not yet been able to see a copy of the proceedings had before the committee, but from the newspaper reports of the same, and from editorials presumedly written by yourself and other officers of the association, I concluded that I was charged in substance with removing from office men who were in all respects competent and fit when there was no cause or reason therefor, the same being done by me in a spirit of mere wantonness and with no other purpose than to injure and humiliate good men; with retaining in office other men deserving removal simply because their removal was opposed by politicians of my own party, because they "had a pull," to use what I believe are your own words; and with restoring to office, in opposition to the wishes of his immediate superior, a man whom I had previously removed for drunkenness and insubordination; that in doing this I violated the civil service rules, and in order to make good this violation the rules themselves were changed by the Civil Service Commission, and that all of this was done because a member of Congress asked that the man be restored.

All of these charges are false, as will appear before I have done, and could have been made only upon the authority of the statements of the persons removed and their friends, and of other parties whose pecuniary interests were affected by the action which had been taken by me.

The acts of mine which are the ostensible cause of complaint are immediately connected with efforts which I am making to learn the truth of and correct alleged irregularities in the appraisement of sugar at the port of New York.

My attention was first sharply called to the subject of the appraisement of sugars at New York in the spring of 1886, when a man called upon me at the Treasury Department saying that his name was Dreyfous; that he was a sugar broker doing business in New York, but that his business was seriously injured because of the great favoritism shown in the Appraiser's Department to another broker named James Burt, whereby said Burt was given such advantages that he had secured almost a monopoly of the sugar-brokerage business at that port; that wrongs and frauds of various kinds were perpetrated, all for the benefit of said Burt, with whom officers and employés of the Appraiser's Department were in league. Dreyfous further said that the power of said Burt had been greatly strengthened since the advent of this Administration, because he was a brother of Silas W. Burt, who had been appointed Naval Officer, and was an intimate friend of Mr. McMullen, who had been appointed Appraiser.

I told Mr. Dreyfous that I could not act upon his statements without corroborative proof. He left, promising to bring such proof in a few days. I did not see or hear from him again, and hoped for a time that his statement had been inspired by jealousy, and was based upon idle rumors, as were so many that I had been compelled to hear since coming to Washington. The next time that I remember hearing of this subject especially was in the fall of 1886, when Mr. Manning, then just returned after his illness, told me that the Boston importers of sugar complained that sugars were classified too low at New York, and that their business was injured and commerce diverted from Boston in consequence; that a Mr. Byrne, connected with the Boston *Herald*, had come to him with good letters of introduction, and wished to be given some appointment which would enable him to investigate the subject.

At Mr. Manning's request, I talked with Mr. Byrne, and was convinced that he had considerable knowledge of the subject. After much consideration, Mr. Manning decided to give Mr. Byrne the opportunity to make a thorough investigation, that complaints from Boston might be ended once for all, if possible.

The day before Mr. Byrne was appointed, I, at the request of Mr. Manning, asked the Boston *Herald* by telegraph if it would vouch for Mr. Byrne in every particular. The answer was affirmative. Mr. Byrne therefore entered upon the investigation. Mr. Manning, and afterward I, gave him every help in our power. Byrne submitted a voluminous report on November 1, 1887, accompanied by a large packing-box filled with testimony and exhibits. After a cursory investigation of this report, I turned it over to Assistant Secretary Maynard, who has immediate charge of customs business, with a request that he collate it and then consult with me as to what action should be taken.

As a further precaution, I caused other investigations of points suggested by Byrne's report to be made by other officers of the department.

A committee of the Senate was investigating the subject of undervaluation during the year 1886; the resolution authorizing this investigation was offered by Senator Hoar. It begins thus: "*Resolved*, That the Committee on Finance are hereby authorized, by themselves or by a sub-committee, to investigate the frauds and abuses alleged to exist in the collection of the customs revenue of the government at the port of New York, and especially the subjects of undervaluations of imported merchandise and the reappraisement of the same at that port." My attention was called to statements and testimony given before that committee in relation to sugar importations at New York. I respectfully refer you to them as found in the report of the Senate committee, Senate Report No. 1990, 49th Congress, 2d session. On page 73 you will find this language in a document signed by merchants whose character and good faith I presume will not be questioned by any member of the Civil Service Reform Association, ". . . . that numerous cargoes of sugar which would naturally have been entered at Boston have been deflected to New York, presumably to be submitted to a more facile polariscope, and that as a result of these unwarranted advantages in the port of New York the comparative imports of Boston are steadily declining."

You will find testimony on this subject on pages 104–108, 131–136, of said report. In June, 1887, several prominent Boston sugar importers called upon me at my hotel in New York, bringing letters of introduction. They complained bitterly of the advantage which New York had over Boston in the classification of sugar; said that it paid them to employ certain brokers in New York, enter their sugar there, and tranship them to Boston. I asked if they complained of Mr. Leary, the chemist in the Appraiser's Department at Boston. They replied no; that he did not polarize their sugars higher than the test at which they purchased them, but that he ought to be more liberal with the merchants, as were the officers at New York. Many quite specific statements as to the conduct of this business were made by these gentlemen at this interview.

Later I was greatly surprised to learn that the Mr. Dreyfous whose call upon me I have described seemed to be sharing the sugar-brokerage business of New York with the James Burt of whose illegitimate advantages he had complained. Between them these two men were doing 90 per cent. of that business at that port.

It is sufficient to say that the result of all of the evidence, reports, comparative statements, and circumstances was to convince me that the government business at the port of New York, so far at least as the collection of the duties upon sugar was concerned, had not been and was not properly conducted; and when thus convinced it became my duty to do what I could to correct the evil, for it must not be forgotten that the Secretary of the Treasury is alone responsible for the conduct of his department, and that he alone, under the laws as they still are, has the power to correct wrongs therein. I do not suppose that it will be maintained that the Secretary, when himself convinced that wrongs exist in his department, should publish the evidence which had operated upon his mind, and then delay action until he was satisfied that mankind in general, or even a few selected men, agreed with him. Although he might greatly wish to divide disagreeable responsibilities with others, yet under the law as it now is he is not able to do so. I should have been very glad to have had the assistance of the officers of the association had I known that any of them were anxious to give it, and could I by it have been relieved of any portion of my heavy responsibilities, but unfortunately I did not know their wishes, for none of them ever communicated with me on the subject, and had never manifested any interest in the one hundred and odd removals which had been made in the New York Appraiser's Department since the advent of this administration, or in other matters connected therewith which would seem on the surface to be of more interest to civil service reformers than the cases in question, and I was not then aware that the business and officers of the sugar division possessed an interest so peculiar and extraordinary for the association and its officers; but even had I known all this, I do not see how, with my convictions upon the facts before me, I could have acted differently without violation of my official oath. Surely the doing or omitting an official act by a public officer against his own conviction of right and public duty at the behest of those gentlemen would not be less blameworthy than if it were at the behest of a member of Congress or politician.

The removals which I am charged with making so wantonly and cruelly were those of two brothers, Edward and John Sherer. The former was the chief chemist and polariscopist in the sugar division, and the latter had exclusive charge of the damage allowances upon sugar at the port of New York. It was painful to me to remove these men, and I would gladly have avoided it if I thought that I could, consistently with my official duty. Both were said to be men of fair repute and good chemists. I knew and esteemed their brother William, who is now and has been for a long time in the sub-treasury at New York. Many personal and political friends besought me not to remove them, and no one asked me to do so. No one had then or has to the present time applied for the place of either of them, and I know of no one to appoint in their stead. If by charges are meant such charges as are filed against an officer on a court-martial, or such as are contained in an indictment in a criminal court, then no charges were stated to these men; they were, however, made to understand that the conduct of their business was unsatisfactory to me; they offered various testimonials, statements, and evidence to show that their business was properly conducted, among them a paper signed by almost all of the sugar importers and refiners of New York, which stated that the business was conducted satisfactorily to them and deprecated any change. There were also two letters from importers of sugar, one Willett & Hamlin, and the other Ira Bursley, stating that they found no advantage in importing sugars at New York as compared with Boston, except that the former port offered a better market. The testimony of Mr. Bursley was calculated to have peculiar weight with me, for I knew of him very favorably from others, and also because I knew that he was treasurer of the New York Civil Service Reform Association. Besides the unsatisfactory conduct of the government business, there was also evidence that the firm of Sherer Brothers, chemists, 122 Front Street, New York, where sugars are tested for importers, was composed of these two brothers, Edward and John. To engage in this business while they were testing sugars as government officials would be unlawful and indecent. They denied that they still had an interest in that firm, and submitted all of the evidence which they wished to sustain their denial, and yet I believed that they were interested in said business. After everything which they chose to submit had been carefully considered, I was of the opinion that it would tend to promote the public interest if they ceased to be in the service of the government, and I accordingly ordered their dismissal. Others might not agree with me in my conclusions, but others have not my responsibility; and while I am Secretary of the Treasury I must be governed by the conclusions which I reach. Upon the removal of these men I ordered Mr. Leary, the government polariscopist at Boston, to go to New York and perform the duties which had been performed by Edward Sherer. Mr. Leary had been twelve years in the Appraiser's Department at Boston. His character and competency were highly vouched for by men in whom I had confidence. The only fault that I had ever known to be found with him was that he was not so "liberal" toward importers as was the polariscopist in New York; or, to use the language of the Boston merchants heretofore quoted, his polariscope was not so "facile." Mr. Leary now uses at New York the polariscope which Dr. Sherer used, except that it has been cleaned, something sadly needed, according to Mr. Leary. Of course he tests the same classes of sugar, in fact does his work under precisely the same conditions as did Dr. Sherer, with the result, if the complaint against him of Mr. Burt is to be believed, that the government collects $800 a day more from the importers whom he, Burt, represents than it did when Dr. Sherer tested the sugars. I wish that the government could secure at every port officers as conscientious and strict in the discharge of their duties as Mr. Leary. I am sorry to say that he has been annoyed and disagreeably treated since going to New York to such a degree that his physician writes me that his health suffers from worry and anxiety, and urges me to permit him to go to his home lest he become seriously ill. I do not wish to do this just yet if it can possibly be avoided, and have sent another chemist from the Boston Custom-house to aid and sustain him, and Mr. Leary has consented to continue his work at New York for a time at least. I hope soon to find a way to put a stop to his further annoyance.

The explanation of the case of the men whom it is charged that I did not remove because they had influence is this: Fourteen or fifteen names were under consideration. I decided to act upon four or five of the most important and postpone the others until later—for I have not yet finished this business—and until I could see the effect of the removals which I did make. Among these eight or ten men whose cases have not yet been acted upon is one named Jacobs. He has been in the service many years. When Mr. Maynard was going over these names with the Appraiser the latter stated to him that this Jacobs was a son of ex-Senator Jacobs, of Brooklyn, and, moreover, was a good officer, and especially requested that he be retained. Mr. Maynard told me what Mr. McMullen had said about each of the names on the list. When he told me this about Jacobs, I remarked that I never had heard that Senator Jacobs had a son, and that is all the consideration which I gave to this circumstance. I may say, however, that neither Senator Jacobs nor any one else, save Appraiser McMullen, ever requested that Jacobs be retained, so far as I know, nor have I any knowledge that such a man exists, except as hereinbefore stated. As to the other man in whom it is said that a member of Congress is interested, I can only say that I was not aware of such interest until I saw the statements charging that such interest was the cause of his retention. The reason for the retention of the other men does not seem to have been ascertained by those who make these charges. I have already given it, however, and it applies to all. The only men for whose retention I have been strongly pressed are the Sherers whom I dismissed.

The last case is that of Mr. McElwee, the man who was reappointed after dismissal.

This case was presented to the committee in the damaging form stated at the beginning of this letter, although I have reason to believe that the persons who did this knew all of the facts, which are these:

Byrne, in the course of his investigation, told me that the men connected with the Appraiser's Department were afraid to testify lest they lose their places. I told him that I could not promise them immunity from discharge, but that whatever power I had would be used to prevent their discharge because of any testimony which they might give.

Some time later McElwee's removal was recommended on the charge of drunkenness and insubordination, and was approved as a matter of course. I soon was informed that McElwee was one who had given testimony unfavorable to the conduct of the sugar business at New York, and now the feared and predicted removal had taken place. I replied that this man was removed for drunkenness and insubordination, and men could not be kept in the government service simply because they had given testimony in this investigation, no matter what their conduct might be afterward. I was then shown that the date of the offence with which this man was charged was long before he had given his testimony, and that the charge was made against him and his removal recommended almost immediately after the giving of such testimony, and under such circumstances as to leave no doubt upon my mind that the charge of drunkenness had been made not because he had been drunk or was unfit for his place, but because he had testified. Upon being satisfied of this, I ordered that the proper steps be taken for his restoration and that he be restored. It seems that a certain certificate from the local civil service board was necessary to effect his restoration under the civil service rules, and that through neglect or oversight this certificate had not been obtained. When this was ascertained and pointed out, the proper steps were taken to correct this error, and the man was restored legally and in due form.

I am told by the Civil Service Commission that it was not necessary to amend their rules to do this, and that in fact they were not amended; but had it been necessary to amend the rules in order to effect the restoration of a man discharged under the circumstances as I understood them in this case, I should certainly have asked the President to so amend them. I had forgotten it, but I am informed that the Congressman in whose district McElwee lived did take some interest in his case, and probably did speak to me about him, but surely that fact ought not to have deterred me from doing what I thought not only to be right and just, but also essential to secure the proper administration of my department.

A flood of light was thrown upon this whole subject of the collection of duties upon sugars at the port of New York by something which occurred about the middle of May, about the time that the officers and agents of the association were preparing to present the above charges against me in the name of civil service reform.

James Burt, the sugar broker mentioned herein, called at my house one day when I was there trying to dispose of some work which could not have been done at the office; on his card he wrote that he came to see me at the suggestion of Colonel Lamont, the President's private secretary. I sent word to Mr. Burt that I was very much engaged, and if his business related to sugar matters at New York, that I would like him to state it to Assistant Secretary Maynard, who had charge of the details of that business, and who would consult me about it; that if he must communicate with me personally, I preferred that he do so by letter.

Mr. Maynard told me the same day that Burt had called upon him, and was much excited about the polarization of sugar as done by Mr. Leary at New York. I remarked that I did not think there was occasion for excitement; that the importers could protest and appeal, and upon convincing the department that their sugars had been classified too high that the duties could be refunded. Mr. Maynard said that Mr. Burt, in connection with this subject, had said that most of his clients, importers of sugar, had supported Mr. Cleveland in 1884, and wished to do so again in 1888 if they could. I said that if they were beginning to talk about election and votes, I feared that the charges which the Boston merchants made were all true.

Colonel Lamont told me the next day, in response to my inquiry, that James Burt came to him introduced by a letter from his brother Silas, which stated that the bearer had important facts to communicate, and might be relied upon. His communication was a tale about the sugar business at New York, and of the grievance which the sugar importers who were his (Burt's) clients had because of the action of the Treasury Department, and also that they had powerful political influence, particularly in New York and Michigan, which they wished to use for the benefit of Mr. Cleveland in the coming election if they could do so. He said that his brother Silas wished him to see Colonel Lamont because of the great interest which he felt in Mr. Cleveland's success. Colonel Lamont told him that as his business seemed to belong to the Treasury Department, that the Secretary of the Treasury was the proper officer to attend to it.

I have thus, my dear sir, given in great detail all the facts which are essential for the purposes of this letter, because the sponsors for the charges against me are of such high standing and reputation, and because the charges themselves thus made are such as to weaken the faith of those who believe them in the faithful administration of this government.

I hope that these facts are sufficient to convince unprejudiced and fair-minded persons that knowingly I have not grievously sinned against the ideas and principles of civil service reform, in the merit and importance of which my faith is by no means lessened, but rather increased, by the experience which I have so dearly and sadly bought, that my conduct in the premises has not been wanton and cruel, and that I have not permitted this department to be governed either by the wishes of irresponsible outsiders, whether politicians and members of Congress or otherwise, or of persons whose interests are antagonistic to the government.

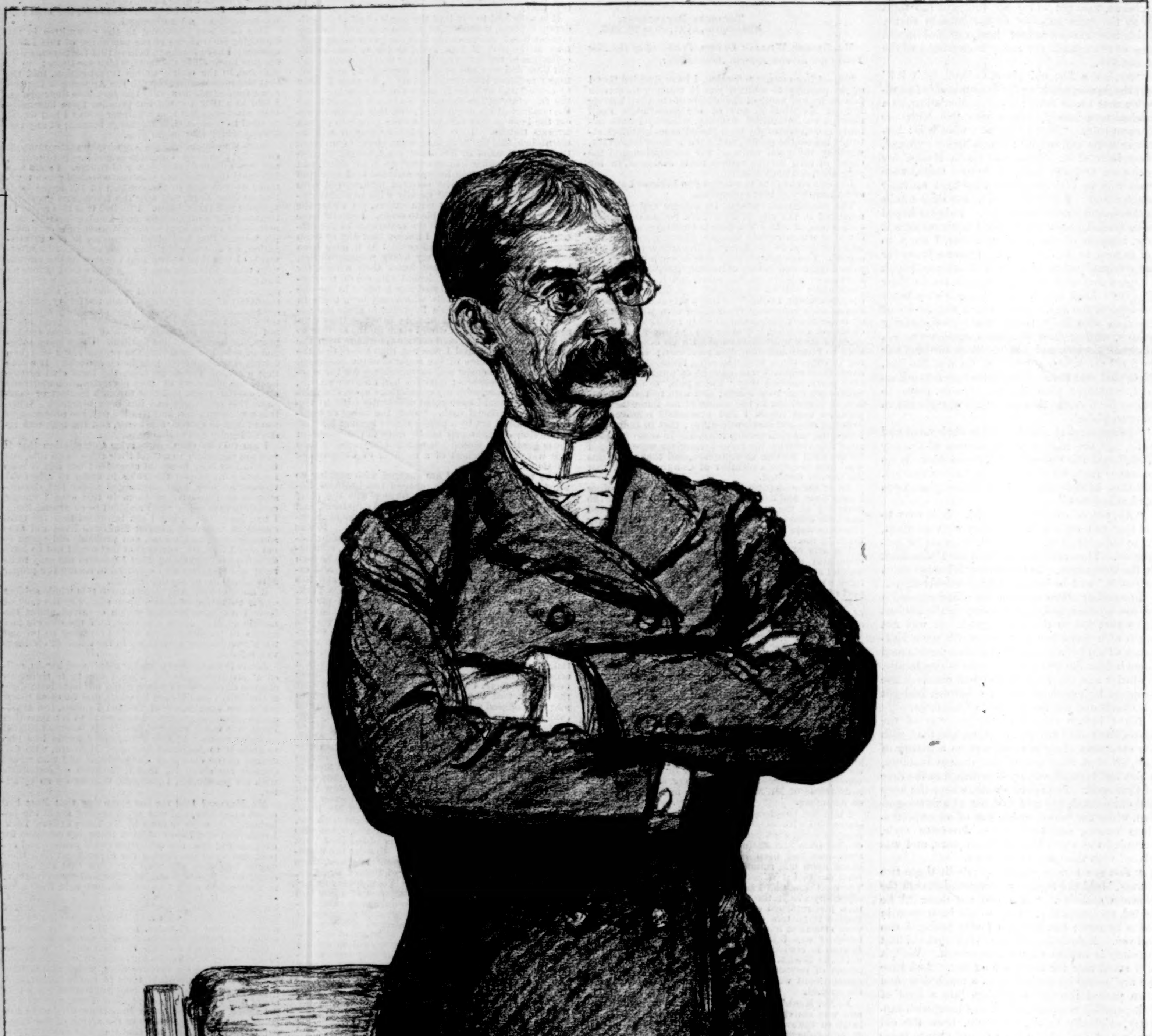
I can see many things to criticise in my management of this whole business, and had I to do it over again, with my present knowledge of it and of the men with whom I have to deal, I should do many things differently. I have feared that I might be blamed for too great conservatism, perhaps for timidity, in that I have proceeded so slowly and cautiously in the correction of evils the magnitude and importance of which have only gradually dawned upon my comprehension.

At times I have even feared that a suspicion might get abroad that the influence of the professed friends of the administration and officers appointed by it had caused me to be over-cautious and too conservative in regard to these matters. I can therefore hardly express my surprise when I found myself so bitterly assailed by men of reputed good standing and character for the little beginning which I had made in what seemed to me the direction of my duty.

While naturally wishing to defend the administration of the Treasury Department, as it is my duty to do, I have at the same time equally felt it to be but right that I should call your attention, and that of the other friends of civil service reform, in this manner to the foregoing facts, for when they are once understood, it cannot be doubted that the name of the association and of the cause which it represents has been most unpatriotically invoked to protect individual and private interests, and to hinder and embarrass public officers in the execution of their plain duty—conduct which, if continued, cannot fail to bring distrust and contempt upon the association, and to delay and injure the progress of civil service reform itself.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD,
Secretary of the Treasury.



HON. JOHN JAMES INGALLS, OF KANSAS, PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.—Drawn by Paul Renouard.—[See Page 498.]

THE WORKERS AND THEIR DWELLINGS AT PITTSBURGH COKE OVENS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 490.]

## SENATOR INGALLS.

Mr. Ingalls was born in Essex County, Massachusetts. He was educated in one of the strictest of orthodox Congregational colleges, and he was an actor in the Kansas troubles of anti-slavery times. He comes from a sturdy stock of farmers and seafarers. Every year he returns to the home of his ancestors, and visits his relatives, who are not only scattered about the rocky coasts and farms of Cape Ann, but are to be found on the sandy beaches of Cape Cod. The nearest kith and kin of the President of the Senate are ploughing the unpromising soil of the coast or the more fruitful waters of the deep. Nearly every summer the Senator makes his escape from Washington, and goes to New England by sea. He has never forgotten the glorious stimulus of a breath of salt air. His face and figure reveal his New England ancestry. His high cheek-bones, his angles, his sharp eyes that peer through enormous glasses, all belong to the typical Yankee. When he speaks, the precision of his pronunciation affirms the story told by his physical peculiarities.

When Mr. Ingalls was graduated from Williams College, in the class of 1855, he was twenty-two years old. Two years later he was admitted to the bar, and in 1858 moved to Kansas. The adventurous and enterprising youth were quitting the rocky farms and the smacks of Essex County at that time, and Mr. Ingalls went out into the West with his New England courage, shrewdness, and principles. He went to the Territory where the active war against slavery was going on. He was a lawyer and a hater of slavery. It is not to be wondered at that he at once became a politician. Men who went to Kansas in those days were necessarily politicians. In 1859, when he had been in his new home only a year, he was a delegate to the Wyandotte Constitutional Convention, and was a leader among those by whom slavery was excluded from the Territory. He was Secretary of the Territorial Council in 1860, and when Kansas was admitted into the Union he was made Secretary of the State Senate. From 1863 to 1865 he was in the volunteer service of the State, serving as Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Judge-Advocate. He was not again in public life until 1873, when he was chosen United States Senator to succeed Senator Pomeroy.

There is no compromise in the Republicanism of the men who participated in the stirring events that happened in Kansas, when the war between slavery and the free Territories was raging on the border. Mr. Ingalls came to the Senate a bitter partisan, and a bitter partisan he has remained ever since. It is probably not in his nature to change. For a long time he made very little impression. He took part in debates on political subjects, but he was not so sure either of himself or his audience as he is now. He has an acute mind and a desultory training. His early life was so full of sharp partisan controversy that he failed to secure a solid professional or literary education. He has read with some acquisitiveness, and has obtained that knowledge of literature which is the reward of browsing here and there through books that are generally recognized as standard, and which is very far from being thorough and complete. He has the reputation of having written cleverly for one or more periodical publications, but both his strength and his weakness lie in the sharpness of his tongue.

He is possessed of a biting wit, which still smacks of the coarseness of the frontier. Once it was very much less refined than it is now, and a speech that he delivered a few years ago, in which he scored Governor St. John, who had opposed his return to the Senate, makes his recent speech in answer to Senator Voorhees a proper and polite performance by way of contrast. This sharp wit, which finds its expression in invective and extravagant metaphor and illustration, has been relentlessly employed against both party and personal enemies, for Mr. Ingalls is a man of enmities. He wages war against all who oppose him. He is a painstaking and careful legislator, and his acumen is frequently of great service when the Senate is perfecting a bill, stopping up the places through which the lawyers, to use their phrase, might "drive a coach and four." It is very useful, too, in searching out defects in appropriation bills, and in discovering improper efforts to bleed the Treasury. On such occasions his power of ridicule has often saved the government a round sum of money, and has put to death absurdities that would have disgraced the statute-book. More than one ill-constructed bill has been buried in the grave dug by Mr. Ingalls's keen wit. But the evil of such a talent invariably walks with the good, and nearly every bitter speech has made an enemy. Mr. Ingalls is now fifty-five years old, and it is hardly probable that he will soften his asperities. So far as his political opponents are concerned, there is no reason why he should. He can never forget the border ruffians nor the war of secession, and with him, as with all Kansas men of his time, the great civil strife endured for many years, and was more intimate and horrible than anything of which the other Free States had knowledge. Therefore to Mr. Ingalls the war and its memories will always be fresh, and it is not strange that he should be the fervent champion of the pensioners and the Grand Army of the Republic.

He was chosen President *pro tempore* of the Senate because he is the most admirable presiding officer of his side of the Chamber. His clear quick mind has made him an excellent Parliamentarian.

Of recent years Mr. Ingalls has been cultivating the humanities. He has mingled in the society of the capital, and has evidently tried to temper his wit to the demands of his polite environment. It may be that the influence of all this will some time be seen, not in making his wit less bitter, but in polishing and refining it.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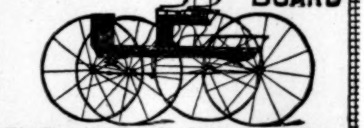

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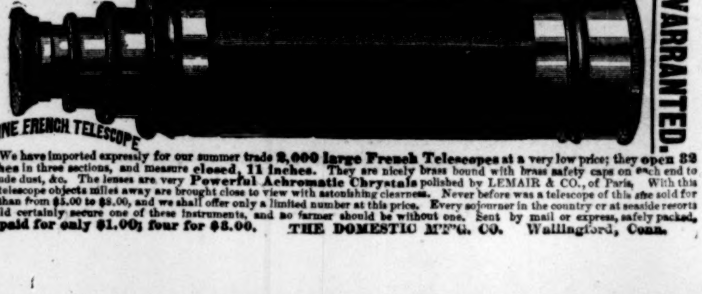


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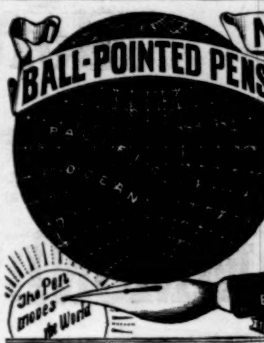


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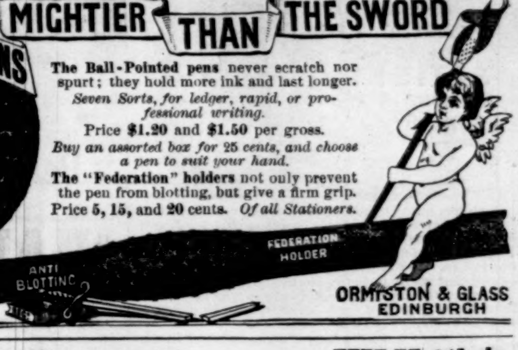


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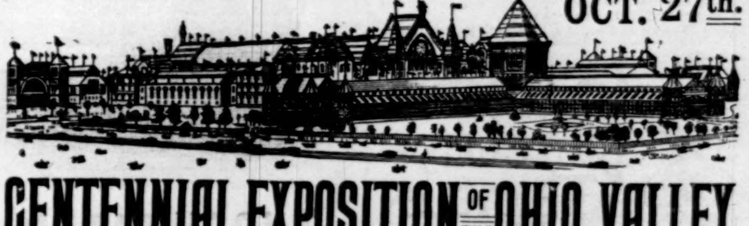

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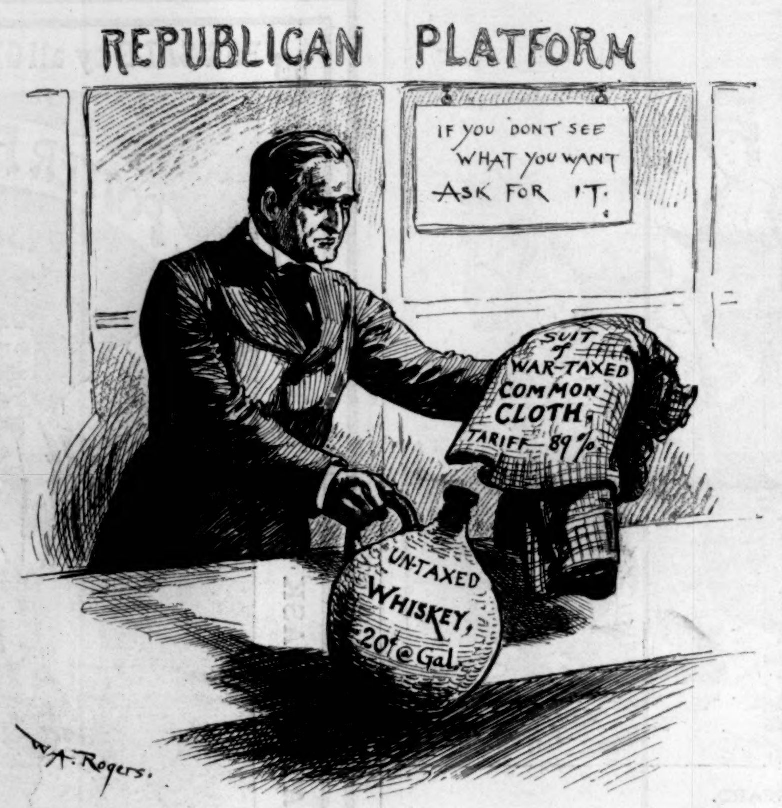


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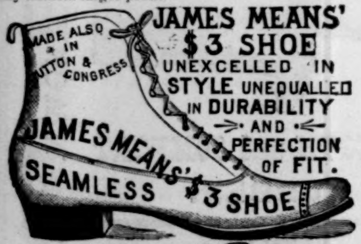


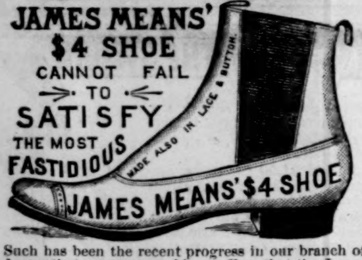


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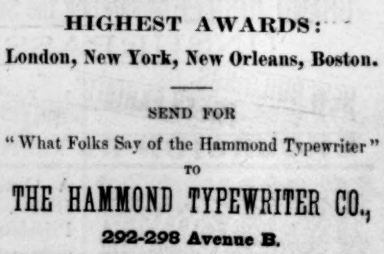

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# THE QUARTER-CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, JULY 7, 1888.

## AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE VETERANS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AND THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

### DELIVERED AT GETTYSBURG JULY 3, 1888, ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE.

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

UPON this field consecrated by American valor we meet to consecrate ourselves to American Union. In this hallowed ground lie buried not only brave soldiers of the blue and the gray, but the passions of war, the jealousies of sections, and the bitter root of all our national differences—human slavery. Here long and angry controversies of political dogma, of material interest, and of local pride and tradition came to their decisive struggle. As the fate of Christendom was determined at Tours, that of American independence at Saratoga, and that of modern Europe at Waterloo, the destiny of the American Union was decided at Gettysburg. A hundred other famous fields there are of the same American bravery in the same tremendous strife—fields whose proud and terrible tale history and song will never tire of telling. But it is here that the struggle touched its highest point. Here broke the fiery crest of that invading wave of war. From this field the civil contest, through renowned campaigns of courageous endurance, of fearful carnage, and of accumulating heart-break for Northern and Southern homes, slowly receded toward its end. This, therefore, is one of the historic fields of the world, and to us Americans no other has an interest so profound. Marathon and Arbela, Worcester and Valmy, even our own Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Yorktown, fields of undying fame, have not for us a significance so vital and so beneficent as this field of Gettysburg.

As we see it to-day beneath this summer sun it is a happy valley of golden harvest fields, of stately woods, of teeming orchards, of glistening waters, and of cheerful homes. Beyond those airy walls of mountain stretches westward to the Sierras and the Pacific, northward to the lakes, southward to the Gulf of Mexico, and eastward to the Atlantic, the continental empire of an industrious and fraternal people. Its great aspects, its characteristic features, are all unchanged. Over it beam the benignant heavens, upon its broad and beautiful expanse lies the benediction of peace. From the day when the pioneers first reached it on their western way, on through the gradual development of civilization and its transformation by tranquil industry from a wilderness to a garden, it had been the happy valley that we behold, secluded from the world until revealed in a sudden blaze of glory, with its heights and slopes and meadows, Seminary Ridge, Culp's Hill and Wolf's Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top, the Peach Orchard, and Cemetery Hill, all caught up into immortal remembrance.

In that fierce light this noble landscape rises at once into history, and becomes dear to the human heart. Around its chief and central interest gather associations of felicitous significance, as if the Divine Providence delighted to enrich a spot so fair in itself, so precious in its story, with kindred memories. Like the House of Delegates in Williamsburg, where Patrick Henry roused Virginia to resistance, like Faneuil Hall in Boston, where Samuel Adams lifted New England to independence, like Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia, where the Continental Congress assembled, this field is invested with the undying charm of famous words fitly spoken. While yet the echoes of the battle might have seemed to linger in the awed and grieving air, while far beyond the Potomac the hostile armies still lay encamped, and the final issue of the war was veiled, stood the sad and patient and devoted man whose burden was greater than that of any man of his generation, and as greatly borne as any solemn responsibility in human history—the man from whom no disappointment, nor calumny, nor defeat, nor calamitous disaster, could extort an unkind or ungenerous word of a single foe—the man who said of the Southern soldiers when the war began that like their opponents they "are American citizens, with essentially the same characteristics and powers; exceptional advantages on one side are counterbalanced by exceptional advantages on the other; we must make up our minds that man for man the soldier from the South will be a match for the soldier from the North, and *vice versa*." By a singular fortune, like Washington, through both parents a son of Virginia, he shares with Washington the affectionate gratitude of his country. Upon this field he spoke the few simple words which enshrine the significance of the great controversy, and which have become a part of this historic scene, to endure with the memory of Gettysburg, and to touch the heart and exalt the hope of every American from the Gulf to the Lakes and from ocean to ocean, so long as this valley shall smile with spring and glow with autumn, and day and night and seed-time and harvest shall not fail.

Already he had said with the pathetic yearning of a true American heart, while the war was imminent but had not yet begun: "We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." To-day his prophetic vision is fulfilled. The murmur of these hosts of peace encamped upon this field of war, this universal voice of friendly greeting and congratulation, these cheers of the gray echoing the cheers of the blue, what are they but the answering music of those chords of memory, the swelling chorus of the Union responding to the better angels of our nature? If there be joy in heaven this day it is in the heart of Abraham Lincoln as he looks down upon *this* field of Gettysburg.

But the occasion has yet another profound interest of association. It was on the 21st and 25th of June, 1788, that the votes of New Hampshire and Virginia decided the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. This year, almost this very day, is its centenary, and nowhere in the country could the glorious anniversary be celebrated with such perfect propriety as upon the field where, by the majestic decision of forces from which there is no appeal, the Constitution was decreed to be an imperishable bond of national union and liberty. Like all enduring political instruments, the Constitution was not, as Mr. Gladstone's phrase would imply, an inspiration, in the sense of a work struck out at once completely fitted for its purpose. It was not an inspiration, but a development. It was the result of actual experiment. It was founded upon the experience of self-governing British colonies, embodying the ancient muniments of English liberty and the traditional distribution of political power. The whole constitutional scheme had been already tested in simple political communities. The distinction of the Constitution is the application of that scheme not to another simple political society, but to the creation of one of the most composite political communities ever known, a successful system of complete double citizenship. It transformed a congress of colonies into a nation of States.

It was as united colonies that on the "haughty day" of which to-morrow is the one hundred and twelfth anniversary the American people declared their independence of Great Britain. But twelve years later the sentiment of State independence—a condition which, strictly speaking, had never existed, as the colonies were united in the crown—had become so jealous that in devising the new Constitution much was left obscure. Notwithstanding this opportunity of various interpretation, however, so strong was State feeling that except for the confidence of America in Washington the most sagacious observers of the time doubted if the Constitution would have been adopted. Besides the obscurity there were compromises indispensable to its formation, but the scope, the operation, and the consequences of which no human wisdom could forecast. More than all else two things completely eluded anticipation or calculation. One was the sectional development of slavery, which compelled the important compromises of the Constitution. At that time it seemed to be a passing cloud of controversy, but it was destined to overshadow the land, and to burst in an awful tempest of wrath and fire and blood. The other was the sentiment of nationality, as yet uncertain and vague, but which, springing from homogeneity of race, language, religion, and political tradition, was destined to grow with the marvellous material development of the country, with the ease and simplicity of popular government, and with the passion and pride of an English-speaking people, until the Union should become not so much an ingenious political contrivance as the ark of the covenant, the sacred shrine of the deepest instinct of the American heart.

In all these conditions lay the final causes of the civil war. In one view it was a war of constitutional vindication, in another of constitutional interpretation. But in any view it was an inevitable war, if ever such a phrase may be used. Conflicting convictions, interests, passions, were all so absolute, so complicated, so powerful, so defiant, that, however the lover of peace and of the mild sway of reason may deplore the tragedy, it was forecast in the nature of man. The issue at stake was ostensibly the nature and vitality of a great political union. But beneath and beyond lay the problem of a social and industrial system inextricably involved by the compromises of the Constitution with the national conscience and the national life. It was a war without precedent for the grandeur of its significance, for the vastness of its resources, and for the stern tenacity of its combatants. It was a contest not of regular armies nor of mercenary levies to gratify dynastic ambition or to extend ruthless conquest, but of republican citizens self-organized into military hosts to maintain conflicting principles held with equal sincerity and defended with equal courage. Only American valor could hope successfully to assail American Union, and nothing but the same valor could successfully maintain it. Yet even that heroic devotion alone might not have withstood the fiery onset of an equally resolute political conviction. But when Union became identical in the minds of its defenders with human liberty and human welfare, then the stars in their courses, the hopes and prayers of mankind, fought for the Union, and even if the conflict had lasted a hundred years the final event of the mighty assault upon the Union would have been typified in the last brave, desperate deed upon this field upon this day twenty-five years ago—the steady, stern, magnificent, heroic, hopeless charge of the gallant Pickett.

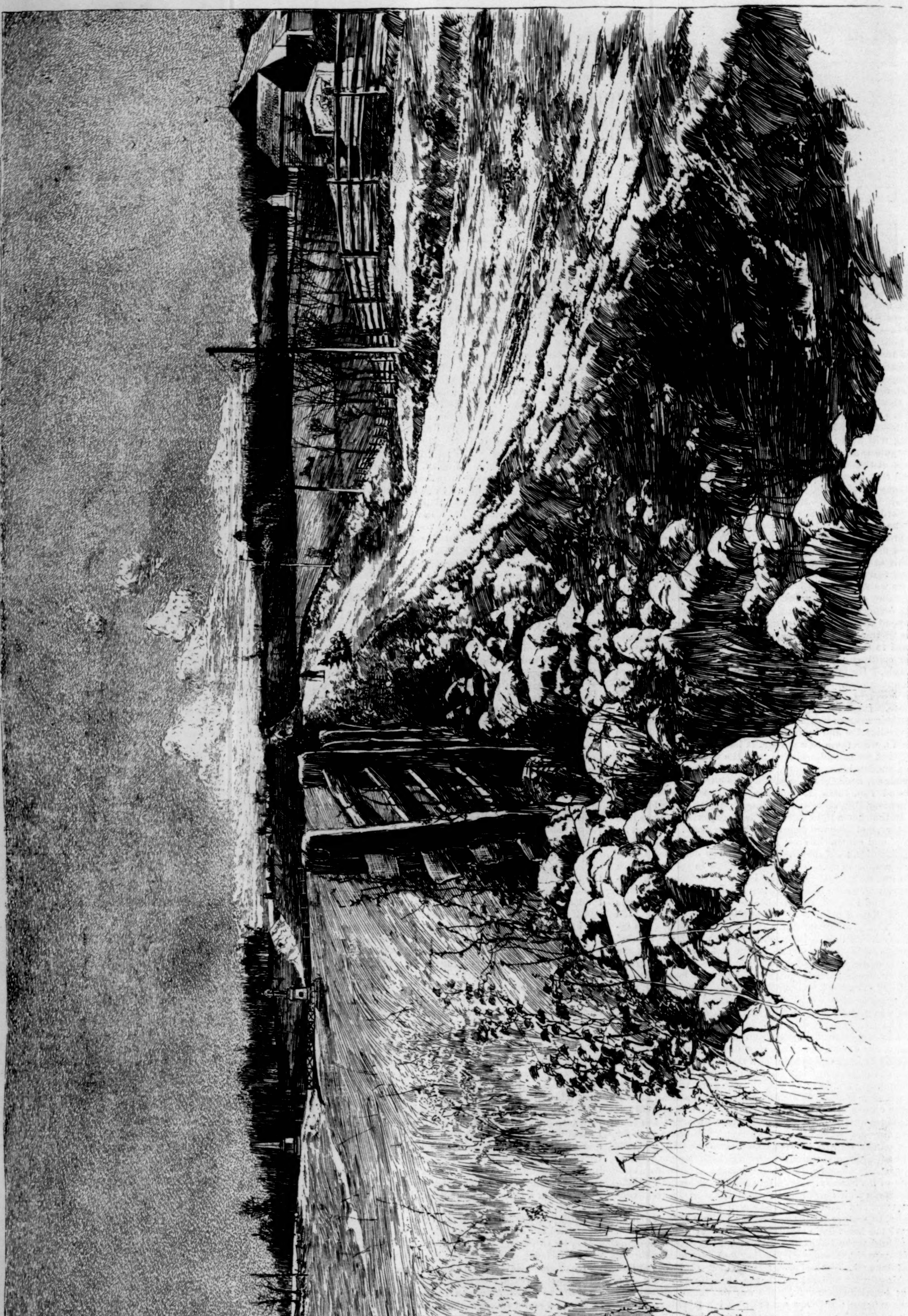
But that the glory of this day, and of America, and of human nature, may be full, it is the veterans and survivors of the armies whose tremendous conflict interpreted the Constitution who to-day, here upon the field of battle and upon its twenty-fifth anniversary, clasp friendly hands of sympathy to salute a common victory. This is a spectacle without precedent in history. No field of the cloth of gold or of the grounded arms, no splendid scene of the royal adjustment of conquests, the diplomatic settlement of treaties, or the papal incitement of crusades, rivals in moral grandeur and significance this simple pageant. It is not for one who did not bear arms in the strife to attempt to express the emotion which fills the heart of every veteran upon this field at this moment, and which the glowing words of welcome and response that have been already spoken by those whose title to speak is the highest possible have adequately and eloquently expressed. Nor would you ask of me to repeat to you the details of a battle of which you were the combatants, a battle in which every soldier was a hero, where dauntless courage and sublime resolve contested every step, and where, amid the awful scene, as a thousand fond traditions tell, the truest and tenderest and loftiest qualities of American manhood, in life and in death, were equally displayed.

Twenty-five years ago, soldiers of the gray, breaking up on the Rappahannock just a month before this day, your hearts beating high with the joy of many victories, your hopes bent upon turning back triumphantly the flood of aggressive war, you eluded the foe, and crossing the Potomac, moved swiftly forward up the Cumberland Valley, your fires by night flashing against yonder mountains, your long-stretched lines by day pressing forward until they hovered around this spot, reaching in sudden incursions even across the Susquehanna, and meditating in the tranquil heart of a great and prosperous commonwealth a mighty blow which should shake the capital, dishearten the people, and practically decide the issue of the war. The last sun of June sinking behind the western mountains saw your force concentrating yonder to the northwest, perilously near to this little town, and tranquilly awaiting the dawn of a day of anticipated victory. Meanwhile, soldiers of the blue, long-tried, untiring, and undismayed, marching farther to the east and covering the capital, you moved northward on various lines, uncertain of the point where battle would be offered, but pressing steadily under a burning sun, looking for the foe, undisturbed although upon your march your commanding general was changed, still pushing on toward the spot which, sheltered hitherto in happy obscurity, was about to be baptized with fire and blood into a fame as wide and lasting as that of Thermopylæ and Blenheim and Bunker Hill.

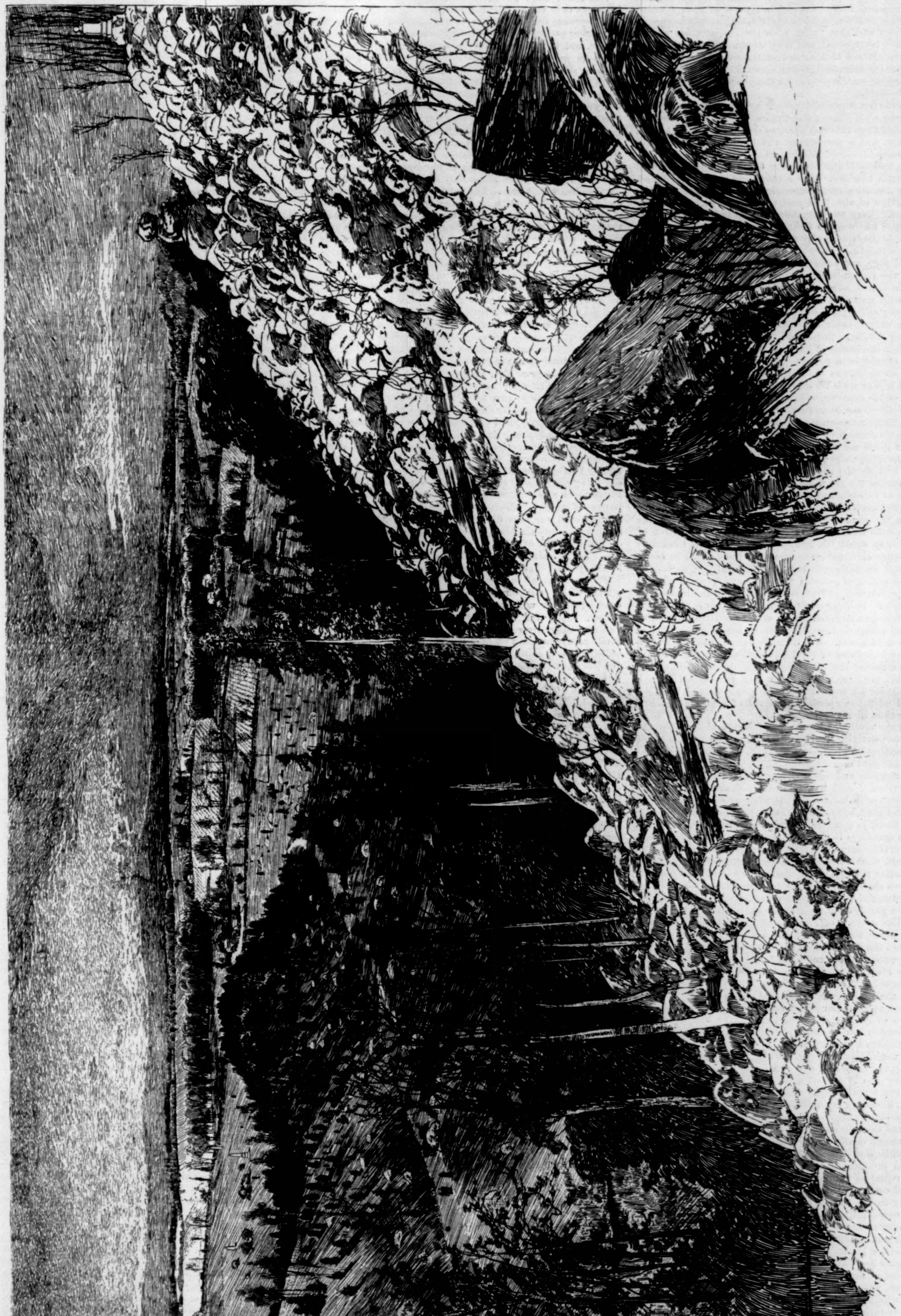
The sun of Gettysburg rose on the 1st of July, and saw the army of the gray already advancing in line of battle; the army of the blue still hastening eagerly forward and converging to this point. The glory of midsummer filled this landscape, as if nature had arrayed a fitting scene for a transcendent event. Once more the unquailing lines so long arrayed against each other stood face to face. Once more the inexpressible emotion mingled of yearning memory, of fond affection, of dreaded foreboding, of high hope, of patriotic enthusiasm, and of stern resolve, swept for a moment over thousands of brave hearts, and the next instant the overwhelming storm of battle burst. For three long, proud, immortal days it raged and swayed, drifting from Seminary Hill far round to Wolf's Hill and Culp's Hill, then sweeping back, with desperate fury striking the Peach Orchard, and dashing with flash and roar upon Little Round Top and Round Top, raging in Devil's Den, the earth trembling, the air quivering, the sky obscured; with shouting charge and rattling volley and thundering cannonade piling the ground with mangled and bleeding blue and gray, the old, the young, but always and everywhere the devoted and the brave. Doubtful the battle hung and paused. Then a formidable bolt of war was forged on yonder wooded height, and launched with withering blasts and roar of fire against the foe. It was a living bolt, and sped as if resistless. It reached and touched the flaming line of the embattled blue. It pierced the line. For one brief moment in the sharp agony of mortal strife it held its own. It was the supreme moment of the peril of the Union. It was the heroic crisis of the war. But the fiery force was spent. In one last, wild, tumultuous struggle brave men dashed headlong against men as brave, and the next moment that awful bolt of daring courage was melted in the fervent heat of an equal valor, and the battle of Gettysburg was fought.

If the rising sun of the Fourth of July, 1863, looked upon a sad and unwonted scene, a desolated battle-field upon which the combatants upon either side had been American citizens, yet those combatants, could they have seen aright, would have hailed that day as more glorious than ever be-

[*Continued on page 504.*]



FROM BEHIND SEMINARY RIDGE.



LOOKING OVER THE VALLEY OF DEATH FROM LITTLE ROUND TOP.

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG AS IT IS.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.